CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

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Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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"It was my delight to drift downstream at sunset"

The Masterpiece—See Page 21

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER
1907

VOL. III.
NO. 1

The Masterpiece

By Floy Campbell

Author of "Girls of Camp Arcady," etc.

AS Robert Brent laid down the book, he swore softly and reverently. "Good!" he said. "O, damned good! The boy's won out—he's won!"

Then he remembered. The book, so vital, so full of the color and the glory of youth, had made him forget.

He looked drearily out into the gathering dusk. Beyond the grimy windows of the law office, in the darkening Winnipeg street dim orange lights were beginning to struggle through the darkness. He was still living in the book—the sun gleamed on the gleaming roofs under the deep Italian sky—and for a moment he saw his busy, utilitarian city through the dead boy's eyes.

He turned to the desk impatiently, switching on the electric light to shut out the unendurable winter dusk. The room leapt into cheerless brightness,—brown calf-bound lawbooks, worn carpet, dirty walls, two comfortless chairs, and Brent's huge cumbersome professional desk.

A most unprofessional litter covered the desk tonight—the book still open at *Finis*, the mass of clippings from papers and magazines, and the pile of the boy's crumpled letters, raked from a dusty pigeon-hole, beside them.

There were visions in these things that made his straight lips soften into a boyish smile under his short moustache. He saw again the overgrown university of ten years ago, the chapel, the library, and the old "chem. lab." where he had first met Douglas Macleod mixing the drinks in a retort over a Bunsen burner.

How vividly he remembered the boy—the irresistibly democratic twinkle of his dark Scotch-Irish eyes, his long nervous hands moving deftly

among the "moonshine",—how well he came to know in their four years of rooming together the odd combination of black melancholy and rollicking fun ruled by the tricksy Ariel of his riotous imagination!

Both boys were poor, but Brent was entirely dependent upon his own efforts, while Macleod, left an orphan the year before, drew his meagre income from a fund into which his father's will had converted the scanty remains of the family property, carefully guarding with its provisions the constitutional extravagance of the idolized and indulged only son.

"Dear old Dad!" said Douglas. "He knew how money burns my pocket, and he tied it up so I can only get a hundred quarterly till I'm twenty-five, and then not a cent for two years. That's to make me work. Then when he's proved my metal, and conquered my spendthriftiness, I get the last thou. to blow in. Great scheme that!"

Brent laughed outright as he recalled how that scheme had worked—and how from his still scantier earnings, he had to tide Macleod over the last week or so of every quarter, and how the boy regularly celebrated his relief from poverty by a rollicking "feed" for the crowd that again made borrowing necessary before next pay-day.

But things came easy to Macleod. While Brent was struggling for a foothold in Winnipeg, the lad spent his last two "incomed gentleman" years cycling through Europe, studying a bit in the Sorbonne, visiting his Scotch kin, and jaunting leisurely through the Highlands.

Then he returned to Canada to see his chum, and Brent had taken his first holiday since leaving college. The two had tramped the white inland roads just as in the old days, Brent silent for the most part, a cigar in his mouth, and eyes always smiling gravely at the irrepressible boy. And Macleod, younger than ever, it seemed to him, strode beside him, explaining his views, his hopes, his dreams, gesticulating with both long hands, sometimes stopping to shake Bob's massive shoulders into enthusiasm over some cherished project.

"It's my last fling," Douglas said. "For two years now I'm moneyless, and into harness I go to treadmill on that cussed Southern paper I used to correspond for at the old Uni.—'member, Bob?"

"You can thank your lucky stars you've got a cussed paper to treadmill on," said Brent from the depths of experience, "and corn for the donkey at the end of it."

Now here under his hands was the book, the realization of one of those boyish dreams. Macleod's book, and the mass of reviews and clippings praising it almost hysterically, and mourning over the untimely death of the writer, his promising career ended by that misstep at the railway crossing before he could realize how brilliant had been this greatest success of his short life.

And here was the letter that came with the package, a daintily written little letter, helplessly, appealingly feminine in every line with its delicate penmanship, gray paper and violet monogram. Brent picked it up gingerly with a hostile thumb and forefinger.

"He spoke so often of you," it said. "I am sending you, the best of all his friends, the book he finished just before that awful accident. I am very proud of it, for it was to have been my wedding present, and was inspired by me, he said. The thought comforts me in my deep bereavement."

"Ur-r-rghf!" he snarled, with a lift of the lips that showed the savage canine tooth below, and dropped the letter as if it had burned his fingers, dusting from his hands the suggestion of violet sachet.

"Inspired by you," he said under his breath. "Inspired by you! Poor lad!"

He drew the pile of letters towards him caressingly. The writing was of the most varied description, backhanded, forward-slanted like a catboat heeling before a heavy wind, squared, sometimes almost printed, but under all disguises of varying moods the same unmistakable, hurrying hand.

He turned the letters over, reading here and there, piecing out from the scrawled pages the story he already knew so well.

July 15th.

Do you remember the splendid scheme for a tale dealing with renaissance life in Italy which I outlined to you along the river road that last Sunday? I've been struggling to write it, but it's miles beyond me. It demands knowledge of details which I cannot possibly obtain in this raw, over-grown, half-baked village. It demands perfect understanding of that passionate, splendid, vile life—understanding that I feel I have somewhere within me, but can't get at. In short, my scribbling is a complete failure. Guess I'm fated to the mediocre earth-life, though I feel in me somewhere strange stirrings and prickings of sprouting wings that might bear me up into the blue ether, did they grow. When I'm older and have failed a few dozen times more, I'll give it up, I reckon, and settle to the life of a plain newspaper drudge; possibly, if I'm fortunate, a sub-editor, with content and a fair round belly.

Most men, I fancy, feel in youth such stirrings and prickings of possible wings. How many of these now hurrying with sodden, empty faces past my window bear entombed in their souls all sorts of sweet self-confidences and defunct ambitions? . . . A man my side of thirty is too young to start out in the role of a sepulchre, but if after that age he hasn't watched two or three dear desires or cherished illusions die, and given 'em decent burial in the depths of himself, it's either because he is an impotent fool who could never beget such lovely dream-children, or a transcendent genius whose life has been one long series of happy accidents.

August 1st.

I have been reading "The Opium Eater," and in connection with it, Baudelaire's splendid commentary.

You remember De Quincey speaks of his own keen enjoyment of "the music of the Italian language spoken by Italian women," heard in his gallery seat on his nights of debauch in mingled opium and music, "for" he says, "the less you understand of a language the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds."

There is something analogous to this "sensibility" in a man's feeling for shades of meaning and delicate tones of expression in a language which has not been staled to his ears by daily custom. Baudelaire has felt in De Quincey certain felicities of phrase and profundities of thought that would scarcely have impressed themselves upon the English commentor, and has reflected them to me as no writer of English ever could have done. His book is, veritably, the concentrated essence of Opium. The fascination of that drug as pictured by De Quincey he has multiplied ten-fold. His "Paradis Artificiels" and "Du Vin et du Haschische" are merely supplementary visions—handmaidens to lead Desire to the great God Opium, as the long avenue of Venuses in the Louvre merely directs the eyes of the visitor to that one divine figure of the Milo at the end of the passage.

To be sure, both Baudelaire and De Quincey utter solemn warnings against the vices they treat of; yet they are warnings that attract, not repel. They pretend to point heavenward, like Leonardo's St. John, but like that saint, they really beckon with deadly fascination to scenes of unholy revelry in the kingdoms of death.

The most revolting experience described by the most realistic writer becomes attractive in exact ratio with the power of the writer. For that reason, it will always remain a question, how far a good motive can legitimatize handling forbidden things in literature. We are such children that even the frank sign, "Poison" will not deter us from experiment if the color of the vital fluid is alluring. We are like little Johnny under his green apple-tree. No, we're worse. We not only want the apples, we even desire with a fearful longing the resulting agony. We want to see how it feels "to suffer"—until we begin to find out; then we

squirm and kick and howl energetically enough to God to deliver us!

Even I, who have sampled more than one forbidden tree since those farm days of early green apples, and who know through bitter experience the pangs of an outraged stomach and conscience,—I'm as big a fool before my new allurement as though I'd never disregarded the sign "No Trespassing" on the Tree of Knowledge.

"Surely," I say, "though it would be folly to allow a drug habit to fasten on me, a single experiment can do no harm. Just a bite, Adam, old man, just a bite—not the entire fruit!"

Barthold, to whom I was maundering in this fashion the other night over our pipes, offered to introduce me to a palace of drugs, known only to the elect—to men of wealth like himself. I have just returned from a slight inspection of the place. It is a great house on a high bluff overlooking the spread of valley and river, five miles from the little railway station, lonely and wonderful. Within, it is a strange place to find there among the wholesome fields. The lofty rooms are furnished in deep colors that glow like jewels. The very windows are of stained glass that change the true crude light of day into lovely harmonies of lying color. Everything is soft, silent, beautiful as an orchid—it passes as a select club; in reality it is a sort of society of wealthy men addicted to vices of the secret sort—mostly cocaine or hashish fiends, who can afford to veil their indulgences in this way. I met none of them. I saw but few rooms. Down the dim corridor I saw an occasional silent servant pass, entering one or another of the great doors. What lies behind those oaken panels? What mysteries do those shadowy servants know? In fancy I saw in every hidden chamber some dreamer in his artificial paradise.

Barthold introduced me to the discreet doorkeeper and told him to admit me if I asked any time within the month. The opportunity is too good to lose. I must try the experiment. According to my authorities, the initial essay should be an occasion "of solemn joy" and certainly the stage setting is fitting—nothing mean or squalid there to drag me back from the gates of Paradise, if Opium really has their golden key.....

August 15th.

Well, I have eaten my apple, I have paid its price, and here I sit with a heavy head, shaking hands, no power of spirit or body; but whether from the debauch of opium or the later debauch of writing, who can say?

Of course your letter of protest in reply to my last fool epistle was quite right; and of course I didn't mind a word of it. You know me!

I am not fit to work, so if you will bear with me, I'll bore you with an account of my opium experiment—the thought of which so roused your wrath—while its details are still clear to me. I think you will find it worth reading, however.

The doorkeeper did not hesitate to admit me. I was ushered to a wonderful crimson room, and the waiter brought me the magician I had ordered. De Quincey calls it a "ruby liquid." That is rather stretching the facts. In spite of the ruby glass in which it is served, its dull brown color was decidedly unprepossessing to me. The waiter left me with a last low caution as to the limit of safety in the amount a novice might take.

Terror of the unknown Power in that ruby glass gripped me, but curiosity and desire were stronger. I took the two and twenty drops he had cautioned me was the limit, with two drops over for luck. Then lighting a cigar, I leaned back in my long chair and awaited results.

You remember I lived, when a boy, on the bank of a quiet river which ran from west to east, and my delight at evening was to row upstream lustily for miles, and then, deliciously weary, to drift slowly back, alone between the sunset sky and its reflection in the water.

As all men know who have ever been intimate with a small lake or river, a hush descends upon the waters at that hour. The waves are stilled as if in

awe at the beauty each evening new-disclosed, and in their almost mirror-like tranquillity, the sky beholds itself, a glory glorified. To the marvel of the heavenly vision the waters add a liquid, opalescent, troubled, human (ah, that is the word!) *human* quality as a landscape mirrors itself in a painter's soul and is transformed into a picture.

So as I smoked and dreamed in the light of the stained glass windows, suddenly I seemed to float again between sky and sky. The clouds took strange forms and unearthly melting colors, and I drifted among them, breathless, exalted, into an enchanted land.

Then the skies opened as a curtain pulls apart at the theatre, and before my eyes a drama was enacted. It was that story of fifteenth century Italy that I had faithfully worked on for months, despairing, hoping, and despairing again. Details of renaissance costume, architecture, customs of which I had never heard, appeared clearly to me. I was in Italy,—Italy of the fifteenth century, with living people who fought and suffered and loved. I was even one of them. My name was Alessandro and my Donna Lucia of Padua was the most wonderful!—hair like copper in that city of dark locks, and such eyes as have always been my passion—brown and deep and warm. Why to live like that and to love like that, even in a dream, was worth paying for!

While the drama lasted, I did not stir. But when Alessandro, who was so strangely one with me, the spectator, fell at last for his city and his lady, I came back slowly to consciousness, and, ringing for paper and ink, tried to put the night's vision into words.

It was gray of dusk when I began. Light grew again, day came, noon shone through the glowing panes on my paper, and still I wrote. I did not think of food. I stopped only to gulp some water, or to pace the floor and chafe my aching arm when the strain of writing grew unbearable. Where the clouds had swept across my vision, I left it and began again where it had reappeared.

So I worked on, unconscious of my body and its needs, until the *Finis* was written. Then I staggered to the couch, threw myself across it and slept like one dead. It was high noon today when I awoke. How long I wrote, how long I slept, how long I spent in the trance and vision I do not know, but it is now four days since I entered that Palace of Drugs. The story may be vilely written—probably is; but I am not yet in fit condition to judge of it. I have put it away until I recover some bodily poise.

Meanwhile the question troubles me were the experiences I underwent due to Opium, or to the physical efforts of my own expectations and highly-wrought nervous condition? The physical effects are, at any rate, serious. I feel a wreck, and shall probably not recover for weeks. My arm aches as I write to you, with queer alternations of numbness like partial paralysis, from the strain of overwork, as my mind aches with trying to understand that experience. Then I am haunted by the old Highland superstition that if you see your own face in a dream, you are "fey" and marked for early death. Of course I don't believe it—here in this twentieth century, with the trolley-cars jarring past my window!—but I have some of the old Douglas blood in me, you know, and I did see Alessandro's face as clearly as I see my own reflection in my mirror.

Heigho! so we pay for fruit of the tree, and then find we've learned nothing with certainty after all. As the great poet named "Anon" saith,

'As a rule
In this great terrestrial school,
Lessons learned with care and sorrow
Must be learned again to-morrow.
Learned to-morrow, do they stay
Mastered for the future? Nay!
. . . . . .
Man is just a plain dam-fool,
As a rule.'

August 20th.

When I went back to the office, the Old Man came near firing me on sight for my four days' unallowed vacation. I said I'd been desperately sick, and I

looked the part so thoroughly that they finally—ostensibly—accepted the explanation. Of course they really set it down to a plain ordinary drunk, but as it was the first time I'd ever given trouble of that sort, they were lenient. The O. M. himself, be it said *sub rosa*, is given to occasionally laying off at inconvenient seasons on that same account, but instead of the fellow-failing making him kind to the rest of his weak brethren, it makes him doubly savage. He always drops a man on the second offence.

Luckily, I've no desire to repeat the performance. The sensation was unspeakably delightful, but the price paid in after suffering was too great. As for the resulting story, I've not yet read it. I've been getting back my nerves and strength by a course of rare beef and home-made bread, and I think I'll soon be near enough normal to judge aright. If it's good I'll send it to you at once; if not, it goes into the waste-basket. I'm anxious, myself, and as you seem to be equally curious in the matter, look for another bunch soon.

August 28th.

Here's the tale. Look it over, and then read the rest of this letter.

. . . . . Well, how did it strike you? To me—and I read it like a story written by an utter stranger—it seemed a vivid and remarkable thing. It made me think of a Brangwyn painting for depth and splendor of color—or let us say, since it is fifteenth-century—like Titian. You will not mistake this for self-flattery. It was my transcendental self that wrote it, not the self that writes to you, that shambles and blunders and falters through the common daily life, but that higher possible self that exists somewhere, and never before would come to dwell with me.

Am I wrong, or is the story a masterpiece?—judge you!

Brent remembered as he folded this note his amazement when he first read the manuscript it enclosed. He had always believed in Macleod's talent, but in this passionate, vivid drama, he had felt genius of a high order—genius so great that it swallowed up the crudities of youth. Only the breaks in the narrative left a sense of incompleteness—a fact he had commented on in his return letter of warm praise, to which Macleod had replied:

"Of course you are right—the story is fragmentary. I told you my vision broke in places—the cloud curtains swept across my stage; but I can surely supply these connecting links sufficiently to unify the tale. I'm glad you like it. I know I do. But will you explain—*can* you explain how that vision could be so exactly a portrayal of those half-savage, half over-cultured peoples?

Did I really live before as those Buddhist fellows claim? Was I myself Alessandro of Padua, and did the abuse of my body by opium free my soul so that I remembered those forgotten feelings and ancient places? I can find no verification for many of the points, yet I am as certain of their correctness as I am of the spots on the old red cow at home. Explain it, you who dabble in psychology.

October 15th.

The story? I patched it up and sent it off, badly clouted, as per schedule. Don't like to speak of it now, for fear McDonald's won't share the enthusiasm of its author and its critic at your end of the line, but I'm hoping for the best.

You know, the longer I reason on that subject, the more I convince myself that the tale was rather the result of a psychical than a physical excitation; that my mental attitude, my expectation, was the cause, rather than the drug I took. My reason for this belief is that the effect was so different from any of which I have read, and since August I have studied the subject in every book, medical or empirical, that I could lay hands on.

But if the cause of my vision was spiritual, not physical, why can I not by cultivation of that faculty, make possible my dream of writing—right?

Behold, I have an excellent reason for trying to persuade myself that Monsieur Opium (see, I personify him!) is not the responsible party. I want to hug the delusion that I can one day

write like that without becoming the slave of a drug; which I swear no temptation shall force me to do. It is so magnificent a thing to write—to write well, so that

' . . . Learned Age shall greet
My face, and Youth, the star not yet distinct
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet.
Oh, thus to live, I and my books, still linked
With love above and praise till life shall end,
And then not go to heaven, but linger here,
Here on the earth earth's every man my friend —'

I take liberties with Browning, but in this country and age the thing is so much truer of books than of painting, as books are here more accessible to the multitude; though of course in the Italy of his Pictor Ignotus, pictures were the people's library.

November 20th.

Hey, friend! shake hands across the states! our faith is justified. McDonald's have taken Alessandro of Padua. McDonald's, the biggest house in the country, whose imprint means fame! Yes, and fortune, so it seems to me Old Man! They offer me a straight five hundred -think of it—me, the newspaper hack whose stuff is paid for at space rates—five a column! They will bring it out as a serial first—about ten chapters. Then they wish to publish it as a book. With illustrations and sufficient margins it will work up into a reasonable size, or they will combine it with other tales if I can furnish them I'm to have a good royalty on the book, and they seem to think it will sell well They ask to see anything else I have in preparation. They overwhelm me with good wishes and kind words I am ready to shout and leap with delight if I were not too stunned to move at all Pinch me prick me with a sharp letter, and make me sure I'm not dreaming.

(To be concluded in December Number)

The Welcome of the Cities

Warman

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

GREAT dreamers made me [illegible] steel,
Who etch great [illegible]
They heard the [illegible]
Where a lone [illegible]
And where a tussock of the prairie grass
Pushed up green blades in April [illegible]
A mighty market place should be and [illegible]
The crossing of the four square [illegible]

Northward they rail the Barrens with their steel,
And dare the grinding drift-ice of the Bay
Eastward and west they send their wheat cars forth,
And from the south the merchants come to trade
Afar the dreamers watch, who built me here—
And mine is the fulfilment of their dream.

What the Railways are Doing in the West

By Charles F. Roland

Winnipeg Industrial Commissioner

THE matter of railway facilities—always very important—in a new and undeveloped country like Western Canada becomes of necessity one of even greater interest than in the older and better supplied parts of the world where there has been sufficient time for the accomplishment of that work, so much of which yet remains to be done in the newer communities

Of this work of constructing railroads of capacity and extent to furnish adequate transportation for people and goods entering the country, and for export traffic as well, much has already been done in Canada, but by comparison with the amount which remains to be done the achievements up to the present day are not of a character to bar an exceedingly keen interest in all new railroad work, whether it be that of an entirely new line or of extensions of lines already established and in running order.

Such a new line, or such an extension means a new tract of land opened up for better settlement or better conveniences for a part of the country hitherto inadequately furnished with railroad facilities In either or any case it means that more business is to be done than it has been possible to do under the old conditions This means of course greater prosperity for the country and its people

The rapid growth of Western Canada makes announcements of new railroads, main lines and extensions a matter of frequent occurrence. Since last spring there has been a particularly large number of such announcements on the part of the several railroad managements covering this great and growing country with the network of railroads needed for the proper transaction of the business of the inhabitants, which is also a large and constantly increasing quantity So many indeed are the projected new lines of road that it is useless to attempt to present them in complete detail to our readers, or to do more than touch briefly upon the more important work to be done in the near future

The newspapers devote much of their space to accounts of new railway projects and to crop prospects They all see great things ahead And every day the immigrant trains come in from the South and East bringing their hundreds of men, women and children to grow up with the new country. Most of the Americans are from Nebraska, Iowa, the Dakotas, and other middle Western States. They are sons of pioneers who opened that country and are accustomed to large farms.

The influence these young Americans will have on this Canadian Northwest is bound to be good. The English settler, whatever his other good qualities (and he has many of them) is not so quick in the up-take as his American cousin. He lacks something of the aggressiveness, energy, and initiative that are such marked traits of character in Western Canada

The Canadian Pacific road, the largest individual railroad system in the world and by far the largest in Canada, has so much work on hand that we shall not try to give an account of it all, but in order that our readers may have

some idea of what this big Canadian corporation is doing in the way of increased railroad facilities for the Canadian people, some of the items of work to be done are enumerated below, with asterisks marking the work for which contracts have already been let, in many of which cases the work is in progress and nearing completion:

*Double-tracking from Winnipeg, Man. East to Fort William 427 miles includes a cut-off from Winnipeg East to Molson Man., 35 miles, sub contracts let a year ago

*Grading contract let to J. D McArthur, of Winnipeg, for extension of Stonewall branch from Teulon, Man., North 20 miles, eight miles built last year

*Grading contract let to Foley Bros Larson & Co., on Wetaskiwin, Alta, East to Battleford 270 miles

*Projected branch from Moose Jaw, Sask., Northwest to Lacombe Alta 375 miles Work also under way from Lacombe East 100 miles toward Moose Jaw Surveyed and 51 miles in operation to Stettler

*Extensions of the Pheasant Hills branch from Strassburg North via Saskatoon and Battleford to connect with the Wetaskiwin branch, 15 miles built last year

*Building branch from Reston, Man., Northwest to Wolseley, Sask., 122 miles, 98 miles built

Building 37-mile extension of the Yorkton branch from Sneho, Sask., Northwest to Prince Albert

*Contract let to J T Hargrave, of Winnipeg, for grading 50 miles of branch from Stoughton West to Weyburn Sask., 40 miles projecting from Weyburn, Sask., West 100 miles to Range 30, West of the second meridian

Permission asked to build in townships 6, 7, 8 or 9, Range 30, West of the second meridian, to connect in with the Crow's Nest Pass branch between range 16 West of the fourth meridian and Lethbridge Alta., about 360 miles. Also from point on Crow's Nest Pass branch in township 10 range 23 or 24, West of the fourth meridian North to townships 15, 16, 17 or 18, range 22, 23 or 24, West of the fourth meridian, 50 miles

Projected connecting line from Pheasant Hills branch southeast to Lacombe branch

*Extensions of Kootenay Central from Golden, B.C., Southeast to Fort Steel or Jaffray, about 180 miles

Permission asked to build branch from Earl Grey or Bulyea Sask., on the Pheasant Hills branch Southeast to townships 20 or 21 range 21, West of the second meridian

The Grand Trunk Pacific trans-continental railroad has made rapid progress this summer and will have a good deal of track laid before the season is over. Work on the construction of this new line across the Dominion of Canada now in process, or for which the contracts are let, is as follows:

Projecting from Moncton, N B, across Canada to Prince Rupert, B C, a new port on Kaien Island, about 25 miles South of Port Simpson.

*Moncton to Winnipeg, Man., 1,800 miles, called the National Trans-Continental, to be built by the Canadian Government, $1,000,000 appropriated for rights of way and Quebec and Winnipeg terminals Up to September 1, 1906, 9,156 miles of surveys made, of which 1,743 miles final location, contracts let as follows –

*To J. D McArthur, Winnipeg, from Junction to Lake Superior branch West to point a few miles East of Winnipeg 214 miles. Excavation of this section amounts to over 11,000,000 yards of earth and 3,500,000 yards of rock of which 280,000 yards of earth and 1,180,000 yards of rock are finished.

*Lake Superior branch, from Lake Superior Junction, Southeast to Fort William, 210 miles, under contract to Foley Bros., Larsen & Co., work under way

*The Western line, Winnipeg, Man., via Saskatoon, Sask., Edmonton, Alta., and Yellow Head Pass to Prince Rupert, 1,750 miles, to be built by Grand Trunk Pacific. Preliminary surveys from Winnipeg to junction of Saskatchewan and Fraser rivers, 1,247 miles, of which Winnipeg to Edmonton 770 miles, approved by Canadian Government

*Contract let to McDonald McMillan, Construction Co., Winnipeg, for grading, from Portage la Prairie, Man., West to Touchwood Hills, Sask., 275 miles

*Contract let to McDonald McMillan Construction Co., Winnipeg, from Winnipeg West to Portage la Prairie, 56 miles Work under way.

*Contract let to Canadian White Co., (J G White & Co.) Montreal, from Touchwood Hills to Saskatoon, Sask., 140 miles.

*Contract let to Foley Bros., Larsen & Co St Paul, Minn., from Saskatoon to Edmonton, Alta., 218 miles

*Construction work begun on Kaien [illegible]

The Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Co., authorized to build branches as follows:

From Main Line of Grand Trunk Pacific at Winnipeg to the boundaries of Manitoba [illegible] Brandon to international boundary to Calgary Alta; Yorkton, Sask., Regina, Sask; Prince Albert Sask., Battleford Sask., Dawson City Yukon and Hudson Bay; from Calgary to international boundary; from Prince Rupert South to Vancouver from North shore of Vancouver Island South-east along the West side of the island to Victoria

That the efforts of the railroads to keep pace with the requirements of the country have not been wholly success-

ful must be admitted, but that they have made, and are continually making, the most strenuous attempts to accomplish this desired end cannot be denied Speaking upon this point recently Sir Thomas Shaughnessy said

"At the end of the year 1901 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had 732 locomotives and 24,473 freight cars; at the end of 1906, five years later, the company had 1,204 locomotives and 37,467 freight cars, so that in these five years there was an increase of 472 locomotives and 14 994 freight cars, or about 70% in each case, without taking into account the fact that each locomotive and each car was of much greater capacity than those previously in service. These, with the passenger cars and other rolling stock equipment, purchased and built, or in process of construction, at the end of the year, represent expenditures approximating $28 600,000.

"During the same five years the outlay for other facilities, such as line improvements, shops, roundhouses and other works, calculated to facilitate the operations of the line, was about $44,000,000 or a total of $72,000,000. These figures, are quite exclusive of $35 000,000 spent by the company in these same years for the construction of new railway lines to further develop the country. So that during these five years, in their endeavor to meet the most gratifying growth of the country's business, the shareholders of this company put back into the property cash to the large amount of $72 000,000, an average of over $14 000,000 per annum, or about two and one-half times the sum that they had received during the same period in dividends on their shares."

In the race for rolling stock and other equipments, the Canadian Northern road is making splendid progress. Vice-President Mann recently gave out information as follows:

"It is true that the manufacturing plants are crowded with orders, and it is quite impossible to secure locomotives or cars except under previous order. The Canadian Northern was, however, fortunate in this regard, and has had five million dollars worth of equipment under order for some time past. This order includes ninety-five locomotives, which are to be delivered to us this year, and about 3,000 cars. The delivery of these cars will go on throughout the year, and we expect that by the end of the year they will be in use on the lines of the company."

Regarding the construction of new lines Mr Mann added that this work would not by any means be discontinued, and that the projects already in hand, regarding which announcement had been made, would go on without cessation, and that all the work necessary in connection with the development of the system would be carried forward The chief attention of the management would be paid, however, to the work of betterment of existing lines.

Of interest to our readers and especially so to those who have any intention of looking farther into the possibilities the city of Winnipeg offers, is the fact that the several railroads that have location there, will in improving their systems erect new terminals at Winnipeg at a cost exceeding $4,000 000

These terminals will be both freight and passenger, and will be made use of by the National Trans-Continental the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern. The cost of the terminals will be above $4 000 000, and the cost will be defrayed by the Canadian Northern, which now owns most of the land. The terminals will be administered by a terminal company for the benefit of the three railway corporations, who will be regarded as having equal interests and equal rights in it. The National-Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific will each bear a share of the interest charges on the money invested in the terminals, and all will pay tonnage and wheelage for the use of the terminals.

Half a million dollars is now being expended in improving the Canadian Pacific Railway shops at Winnipeg. This amount is practically double the highest estimate that has been previously made. The railway officials have announced that the improvements

in the local shops of the company would be very much larger and more important than was previously announced, and instead of an appropriation for this purpose of a quarter of a million the expenditure to be made on the shops alone will exceed half a million.

Work on the extensive improvements to be made by the Canadian Northern Railway at their west yards in Winnipeg is practically completed.

A new line of great importance to Winnipeg and to the country to be served by it, will be the Winnipeg and Northwestern Railroad recently capitalized at $2,500,000 and which will be built shortly.

The proposed route is from the city of Winnipeg northerly between Lake Winnipeg and Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis by way of Mossy Portage to and along the Carrot River Valley or by an alternative route from a point near Shoal Lake northwesterly by way of the narrows of Lake Manitoba and the easterly side of Lake Dauphin and Swan Lake to Carrot River Valley, thence westerly by way of Fort La Corne to and following the north side of the North Saskatchewan River to the Lobstick River. A network of branches will follow the construction of the main line.

All the railways are wrestling with the problem of handling the large influx of immigrants and settlers, with the heavy traffic that naturally accompanies them. The achievements of the Canadian Pacific in serving so large an area and handling a rapidly increasing traffic is an earnest of what will be accomplished by this great system, together with the Canadian Northern the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Hill systems, when all are spreading out over the country and making settlement possible in new districts

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The New Neighbor

By Herbert Vanderhoop

From the October *Gunter's Magazine*

Europe. There are a quarter of a billion acres of timbered land in the Dominion. This is a neighbor to be taken note of."—James J. Hill in his

DROPPED like a pendant from the great chain of fresh water seas that reach from the St. Lawrence almost half way across the continent, Lake Michigan at its southern point determined the site of a gateway city which should take toll of all the growth of the whole West, from the Pacific at San Francisco to the habitable area of the British Dominions, as far as the arctic circle. The trade of almost half of North America has to swerve around the lower end of that vast water-barrier, going either way; and for that reason there has grown up in somewhat less than half a century the second city in America, and the third great mart of the world.

As population and tillage increase in that tremendous region, the city must grow—and from this time on the bulk of the increase in both will be north of the international boundary.

It is only since the eighties, when the completion of the Canadian Pacific disclosed the possibilities of the Canadian West, that this truth has been forcing its way to recognition. Until then, the whole of that country was hidden under an icy fiction, much as the great cen-

tral plains of this country were clouded fifty years ago under the name of the Great American Desert.

The building of the Canadian Pacific was the first act to dispel this ignorance.

The earlier attempts to finance this enterprise were met by something like surprised indifference in Canada itself and in England. Nobody wanted to put money into a railway to traverse fields of snow, across the hunting-grounds of the Hudson's Bay Company, the habitat of fur bearing beasts. When the road was finished, in 1886, and the way made smooth for immigration, it began to be understood that isothermal lines pay slight regard to lines of latitude, and that the climate of far-away Edmonton was less trying than the climate of Paris seven or eight thousand miles to the eastward, on the same parallel. Since then some fifteen thousand miles of rail have been completed up there, and Winnipeg that was the jumping off-place on the edge of nowhere, is the center of a new empire. There is no frontier on the north any more. On this side the equator about the only frontier left, in that meaning of the word, is somewhere in Siberia. America has lost all the frontiers it ever had.

The import of all this to those who live south of the Canadian line and in Chicago's zone of influence, lies in these facts: That North America is distinctly agricultural; that in the United States there are only about 2,500,000 acres of land available for settlement; that the British Northwest has 170,000,000 acres, of which about 165,000,000 are open to settlement, and that these lands are admittedly the finest wheat lands on earth.

Putting these facts in line with the pretty clear certainty that with our present rate of increase in population we will have within forty or fifty years about 200,000,000 people in this country, and that all our arable land will have been occupied long before then, it is obvious that our overflow must go across the border. Our growth in population since 1880 has been at the rate of fifteen per cent each ten years. This rate is likely to rise, by natural increase and by immigration, during the next four or five decades, so that instead of counting the number of acres to the man, we will come dangerously near to having to count the number of men to the acre, unless meanwhile we spread to the north. That we will so spread is beginning to make itself plain.

In 1900, the movement began with migration of about 20,000 Americans to Canada. In 1902 this grew to about 50,000. In the spring only of 1903 more than 50,000 more went over, and this year the number will reach nearly if not quite to 75,000. Immigrants from Europe are coming in now at the rate of around 100,000 a year, but the prospect is that the American inflow will very soon exceed these numbers.

There are good reasons for that belief. Political differences are not of a deterrent nature especially where other conditions allure. The language, the institutions and the common law are the same on both sides of the line, the land is wide to choose from, and the acre price is moderate as yet though its tendency is upward. Whatever civilization can offer is to be had there as well as here. Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Calgary, Saskatoon, and a score more cities, are as modern and as well furnished and as well served as any on this side of the Atlantic. In Edmonton, up to three years ago the last stop on the way to the unknown, the shops display Paris and New York millinery. The winters are cold, but not harsh and the summers are long and dependable.

It seems odd to read that "Alberta favors government ownership of telephones," when we remember it is not so very long ago that Alberta conveyed a remote sense of "antres vast and deserts idle," where the winds spoke only to the grasses, and only the wild things lived—yet here is the political battle-ground of a new people, prosperous enough to have sufficient time for politics who are living as fully the life of the twentieth century as any of us here are living it.

As aforesaid, isothermal lines take little account of latitude. But the reason why the climate is good in all that region lying between the Rocky

Mountains and a line drawn north and south through Winnipeg, is that a current of warm water rises in the sea of Japan, and arcs across the Pacific ocean to the shores of Alaska, swinging downward thence to the south, and losing itself in the Pacific off the coast of California. The warm winds and the moisture from this Japan current flow into the northwest through a gap or low place in the mountains, just about where the boundary line cuts across them, and tempers the air, and brings rains. The days are long and the sun has power through eight months of the year, so that the seasons favor the farmer. The scorching winds that blow up from the Texan plains and blister the Dakotas pass on to the northeast and leave this part untouched, so that crops are sure. And the soil carries qualities that produce the finest wheat grown anywhere—the "Canadian No 1 hard," that is taken in all world markets as the standard of highest quality

Here and there in the States is a piece of country that will yield thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. For example, Jasper County, in Missouri. But the rule throughout the American wheat belt is a production of ten to twelve bushels, fifteen being taken as exceptionally good indeed. In the wheat plains of Canada twenty-five to forty bushels to the acre is looked for. It is almost impossible to estimate the producing power of all these millions of acres, when they shall have been put under cultivation. Five years ago bold spirits proclaimed that wheat would yet be grown four hundred miles south of Edmonton. This year they are growing wide acres of it four hundred miles north of Edmonton.

"There is land enough in Canada if thoroughly tilled," says James J. Hill, "to feed every mouth in Europe. There are more than a quarter of a million square miles in each of the two northwest provinces, and there are a quarter of a billion acres of timbered land in the Dominion. This is a neighbor to be taken note of."

It would be unfair to the Canadian country and would not bring out the full meaning of its extraordinarily rapid growth to rest its whole importance on wheat The yield of wheat is enormous, it is true, and not only unfailing, but increasing almost incredibly But the land has other potential opulences just beginning to be opened, yet already showing strength and activity enough to demand the presence of another Canadian trans-continental trunk line. The result of this demand is the new Grand Trunk Pacific.

Generally speaking, the locating engineer of this line is following the ancient trails into the wilderness that, until yesterday, lay between the Great Lakes and Winnipeg, just as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe followed the Old Santa Fé trail across the American Southwest. There the iron trail has been open and in operation thirty years. There a stage line had been abandoned for lack of support. Here, until the advent of a railway, there was never a dream of anything so extravagant as a stage line. In both cases, there was no business to support a railway until a railway came, conquered the wilderness and created the business

For a hundred and fifty years the moccasins of the lone priest, of the pathfinder and of the explorer have dimpled the margins of the Muskegs of this northern wilderness, and all this while the riches of Nature lay within easy reach of all. Only, there was lacking the one thing, the first essential to civilization—transportation. Production without transportation is often impossible, and always unprofitable Consequently, the iron, the copper, gold, and other riches of this lake region lay where a generous Providence had placed them. The forests were choked, the fish multiplied in the myriads of lakes and rivers, and the rich fertile fields were left uncleared and untilled. For half a hundred years the sons of the Dominion, going out into the world, have gone south, leaving a bank vault unbolted and open at home

The Santa Fé in the south and the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern in the north, and other lines in both sections have demonstrated beyond doubt the richness and resourcefulness of the "Silent

Places," with, and their utter worthlessness without, transportation. The wilds and wastes conquered, the business enterprises brought into being, the deserts drenched, the wilderness penetrated, and the mountains pierced—in short the millions of homes made for the habitation of man by what may be called pioneer lines, make up an overwhelming refutation of the new contention that the railroad is a non-producer. In the matter of opening up new territories, it is the first, the pioneer producer, which can claim credit, wholly or in part, for everything from the first cleared field and the saw mill spur, to the fine farm and the city—for the finished products, which are civilization.

Probably nowhere on this continent have the natural riches of forest and mine lain dormant at the very door of an eager and venturesome civilization, so utterly unknown, as have the riches of New Ontario, which touches the Republic just west of the lakes. Here within sight almost of Uncle Sam, are vast forests, rich gold fields, and mountains of iron ore, and all practically untouched until the Grand Trunk reached its steel fingers into the forest on the way to the wheat field of the Far West.

We are constantly learning, forgetting, and finding out again what was demonstrated by the building of the first Pacific line to cross this continent, namely, that it is not "through" traffic, but local business that makes up the revenue of the railway, and renders its operation possible. Here, in New Ontario, where the hand of Nature seems hurriedly to have smoothed out the earth as it rose from the deep, leaving it gnarled, twisted, and tangled, rock-ribbed, uninviting at first glance, and often impenetrable at the second the road builders have found a path for the steel, and in so doing have traversed pine forests, found wide fertile fields, and uncovered millions in mineral wealth, so that what appeared to be a vast waste is providing homes for thousands, employment for hundreds of thousands of men and women, and millions of money. Capital, no longer timid, now that the richness of the country has been demonstrated, following in the wake of the pathfinders, is opening mines, building stamp mills, saw mills, and flour mills, to turn the wheels of commerce.

Already at Fort Francis, there is in operation one of the most complete lumber manufactory plants in Canada, and all along the line are new industries that have been made possible by the building of the railway. The region is not all rocks and lakes and iron mountains. As early as 1857, Government reports called attention to the richness of the soil and the abundance of Indian corn grown by the natives of the northern forests.

In 1875 much of the land along the rivers was laid out in long narrow plats to give each settler access to the river over his own ground. A few settlers came in about the time of the Wolseley Expedition, but the hushed lonely land remote from older settlement, and utterly without railway communication with the outside world, with all its native wealth, failed to furnish the necessary compensation for the sacrifice of civilization to attract and hold settlers to any great extent. Now, however, within the past few years, homesteaders have been flocking into the new fields in such numbers that the land is fairly well taken up back ten to fifteen miles from the railroad. Roads are being opened, and every convenience possible to pioneering is at hand.

Here are to be seen the ancient Hudson's Bay buildings, into which the trappers for a century and a half have gone with their skins, and from which they have emerged with tobacco and tea and contented minds. Here the Jesuit Fathers fought the good fight according to their faith, and in these wilds the feuds of the fur companies were fought out in the years when the Hudson's Bay and the North-West Company were contending for the control of an empire that was asleep, and which is only now, after the lapse of a century, stirring to life. Here, after all these years stands the old H. B. Post, a monument to the pluck and perseverance of "The Governor and the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," antedated

only by the mounds made by the ancient mound builders—these and the rocks and rills are older than the Hudson's Bay Company

So, the Grand Trunk Pacific winds along the banks of the Indian-named rivers, it is winding through a labyrinth of natural wealth, soon to be brought forth for the use of mankind. And so by these river-passes we come to the shore of what the Ojibwas called the "Big-Sea-Water." And so by this new but attractive trail, we come to the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, which are often called "The Gateway of the West."

It is true in Canada, as elsewhere, that all wealth originates on or under the surface of the ground itself; and the timber and mineral resources all the way from Lake Superior lands to the Pacific are being attacked and drawn upon for the benefit of the people. Almost everyone knows of the coal mines immediately tributary to Calgary and the impetus they have given to Western Canadian industries. But few are aware that within the last five years a half dozen smelters of the very first rank have been "blown in" west of the Rocky Mountains Five years ago there was not one. These works are of more than local service to Canadian gold and copper mines—some of them world famous, all of them newly opened. They are in large part kept busy in the treatment of American ores. East of the Rockies, iron and coal are being brought together to feed blast furnaces, built and owned by Canadians. Manufactures of many kinds are springing up around Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, these cities that stand for new Canada as Chicago, Denver and St Paul stand for our Middle West.

These manufactures are less a threat than a reproach to the American producer. The Canadian market for our manufactured goods is not yet so fully understood that its advantages are followed up as they should be. The Canadians may be said to have been forced into conversion of their own raw materials, where American goods might have forstalled their needs. The absence of reciprocity creates no effective bar to this market American facilities on this side and the presence of a large and growing American population on the other, insure conditions that offset restrictions and invite our manufacturers to the Canadian field, and they should enter it with more vigor than they have.

Some lines of industry have been actually dragged across the border for raw material, which goes back again in the finished form, and in large tonnage For instance, on our side of the boundary, the bewildering increase in the output of print-paper has caused an almost complete exhaustion of the wood from which paper is made North of Lake Superior and west of the agricultural plains of Canada, on the slopes of the Rockies, and far to the north toward the Arctic, are reserves of pulp and other timber that even the reckless methods of our own lumbermen could not exhaust in two generations. On this supply we are already drawing on an increasing scale

Soon we shall have to go there for iron ore. The iron deposits of this country are known almost to the last pound, and the present rate of output from the American mills will exhaust them in less than thirty years

And so with many other things The exigencies of a swiftly approaching future will drive us for material to the soil, the forests, and the mines of that new empire.

For it is an empire, stored to the full with all that goes to invite industry and furnish life with every comfort, even with great wealth. No account of our own future can be taken now that would be complete without reckoning with these things.

Mr Hill, in his address before the Merchants' Club, of Chicago, last November, pointed this fact in his own way:

"Place a pair of dividers," said he, "with one leg on Chicago and the other at Key West, Florida. Then swing the latter to the Northwest and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land. There is the field for your labors. Nature knows no political parties, no

race exclusiveness, no division of territory by artificial boundaries. The very law of nature that demanded and decreed the rise here of one of the great cities of the world, incorporated in her charter the condition that she should not be smaller than her opportunity nor fall below the level of her trust. There is, therefore, another trade field to which you are especially invited by self-interest. He who calculates the future of Chicago as 'The Great Central Market,' as you have truly and happily called it, without including in his estimate the great and growing and rich country across our northern boundary, is like one who should start an insurance company without consulting the actuaries' tables. In the relations between these neighboring people, no one has a larger interest than you."

This was the voice of no dreaming theorist, but the sane utterance of a man who not only sees large actualities clearly, but their trend and the certainty of their outcome.

Take two leading facts: Twenty-five years ago the two big provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, then the Northwest territories, had a mile of railway, and in all the rest of new Canada there were less than a hundred miles. The mileage now is lengthening so fast that it cannot be stated in exact figures, but it is not far from nineteen thousand. Since Sir Donald Smith (as he was then –Lord Strathcona now) drove the last spike in the Canadian Pacific and watched the first through train from sea to sea pass over the newly united rails, that mighty instrument in empire-making has grown into the ownership and control of 11,881 miles of track of which 2,394 are in the United States. In 1887, just twenty years ago, its earnings were around $300,000 a month. This year they are about $6,500,000 a month. That comparison illustrates the whole story of the new Canadian country.

"In conditions such as these," said Emerson Hough, in a recent remarkable magazine article, "vast things may happen; and that right swiftly. Canada or more especially Great Britain, wants the Yankee farmer, but looks with none too friendly eye upon the American invasion. As for the Yankee himself, he seems little concerned. I asked scores of men how it felt to leave the old flag. Some said it was the flag of the corporations now. One said 'I was working for the Chicago packers and not for myself so I left.' Most said that if a man was law-abiding he felt no law in any land. All said the law was good in the new country, the government fair, the schools and that could be asked the opportunities better than they had left at home.

'The rate of homesteading runs about thirty thousand claims per year, but millions of acres remain open for homesteading, and more millions of acres of land are still held by the railways. No reference is made here to the great empire west of the Rockies in the valleys of British Columbia, but only to the more or less open prairie lands or rolling country between the Rockies and Winnipeg Lake."

And the American is moving in and taking possession and making good his opportunities. The settlement of our own West was one of the miracles of the ages, though it was accomplished by sheer pluck and had no such aids at first as the march of modern improvement and the stupendous enterprise of the railway companies are giving to the settlement of this newer and richer land. The Americans who are moving across the line to make their homes in Canada are the sons of the men who settled our West. They are taking with them and away from us (in that degree) the very qualities that have pushed our own frontiers into the sea, and covered the land with prosperity. But they are going there to prepare new places for the hundred million more human beings that are marching towards us out of the next half century, who must be employed, and sheltered and fed. It will not do to look upon this movement with too narrow scope of vision. It touches the life and comfort of the race

The Day that Puggy Won

By Daisy Gertrude Corbett

WHY, of course! Everybody was there. Wasn't the sky smiling sunshine, and the air sweet and cool with the first breath of early summer? Wasn't it *the* polo match of the season—Canada vs. the United States? The fashion and elite of the quaint old military town filled the grand stand; the more sedate sat in their carriages; the real lovers of horse-flesh and skilful horsemanship stood in rows as close to the railing as possible. Everybody, from the Governor-General's lady to the veriest ragamuffin, waited for the whistle, and the beginning of the game.

The Man was there, close to the rail, leaning unnecessarily hard upon it, his eyes fixed obstinately upon the field.

The Girl was there, too, in a carriage with her mother, and—yes, it was Jack sitting beside her, holding her pet Puggy.

On the field the sixteen trim, well-built polo ponies were anxious to begin, moving restlessly, and pawing at the firm-packed ground. Eight were brought out at last, the referee blew his whistle, and put the ball. The game was on.

Swish! it flew straight up the field—back again—in the center, surrounded by excited men and horses. Quick as cats the knowing little beasts twisted and plunged, stopping at a miss and racing after a long shot, keenly alive to the sport of it, playing as hard as their riders. Hard the men struck, and closely they fought, for was it not the great game of the season?

But neither side had the advantage until Van Vhoris, the crack player of the visiting team, sent the ball into goal with a splendid, clean, vigorous stroke that drove the spectators wild.

The Man stole a glance at the Girl, who was waving her bit of linen and lace wildly, her bright eyes shining with victory, and her slim figure erect as a general's. She was standing up to get a better view. Jack was standing beside her, and never did the Man hate anyone as he hated his chum at that moment. The red-headed girl beside him remarked audibly to her escort, "Say, look at them two standing up! Ain't they a stunning pair?" and the Man gritted his teeth.

Just then Puggy stood up and pawed Jack's knee to attract his attention. Of course Jack patted the dark head, and then picked up the little dog while the Girl reached out a slim hand to stroke her silky ears.

"Idiot!" said the Man under his breath, and turned away. Well, he would watch the game, anyway. That was what he had come for, wasn't it? And he gazed at the field, with a grim determination not to look at the carriage again.

Time had been called, and the men were changing their ponies. The carriage party seemed to be discussing moving about. Puggy begged with little barks to be let down. In a moment's hush he could hear the Girl's soft voice saying, "No, dear. Missie is afraid you'll be hurt," and Jack's deeper bass, "Let's all get down. I'll take care of her."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the two coming towards him, and the mother resting placidly in her comfortable seat. He glued his gaze on the ponies. He wouldn't speak to them—he wouldn't let her think he had come to the match just because she was to be there. They would think he had not seen them.

Something soft was touching his hand; it was rubbing his hard with her little wrinkled nose and pleading with a

soft whine for recognition. But he would not notice her, recalling with bitterness what a fool he had been to be jealous of a little pet dog—it was the indirect cause of their only quarrel,—and Puggy dropped down disappearing among the crowd

There was a roar of cheering that almost drowned the beating of his heart. He had not noticed the play.

"Who scored, son?" he asked of an urchin beside him

"We did, you bet, Mister! Hurrah for Billy!" responded the boy.

So Billy had scored. He was the favorite, the best player on the team, and a friend of the Man. Good for Billy!

"Puggy! Puggy, come here!" he could hear the Girl's voice repeating anxiously behind him, as the horses came rushing down with terrific force near the railing, and for the life of him he couldn't help turning to see where the little dog might be. When the thick cloud of dust cleared away he looked for an instant into the wide, frightened eyes of the Girl, his finger through Puggy's silver collar, and Puggy's little red tongue licking his hand.

She looked through him and beyond him icily. He slipped his hold on the collar, and turned again to watch the game, while she called the little dog to her.

The play was at its hottest stage—race after race—a sudden stop, the ponies whirling, rearing, plunging at the lightest hint from their riders' hands. Their coats that shone like satin at the beginning of the game were wringing wet and slashed with foam. The faces of the men, dust-covered, streaked with sweat and drawn with the tense concentration of the fight, followed the ball as if it were life and death

"Billy! Billy! Drive it home!" shouted the crowd

The Man and the Girl were so excited that unconsciously they drew nearer each other Puggy had again strayed from her mistress' side, and moved outside the railing. Something caught her attention—something round and white flying towards her across the field. Remembering games of ball with her mistress on the lawn she leaped to meet it with a joyous bark, and before anyone had time to realize her danger, the polo ball, sent with fierce force across the field, struck the little creature straight between the eyes

At the Girl's scream the Man sprang over the railing. What a little thing she looked, lying there so still. A mist came over his eyes as he picked her up tenderly.

"My Puggy! my Puggy!" sobbed the Girl. "Oh, they've killed her! they've killed her!"

"Wait, dear, wait," he said hurriedly, and laying the little dog at her feet, ran to where the ponies were tethered. Snatching a pail of water, he was back in an instant, and taking the stunned dog in his hands, he plunged her in the cold water. The Girl watched him with pleading eyes, and as he laid Puggy on the grass at the edge of the crowd, she looked at him for an instant before she bent over her pet

At last Puggy stirred, and, with a convulsive shudder, opened her big soft eyes, looking with love and trust into her mistress' tearful ones, and then questioningly at the Man.

"It's all right, old girl," he said, stroking the poor wet head gently. "It's all right, Puggy," and his voice was a trifle husky as he spoke.

"My little dog," said the Girl softly "She would have died but for you, Ralph." And she held out a trembling hand to the Man

"Is everything all right—Dorot ?" he questioned, his heart in his voice

"Everything Ralph," whispered the Girl

And when I met him next day, and asked who won the polo match, he answered me gaily,

"Why Puggy won!"

England's Last Vedette

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Director of Dominion of Canada Educational Association

So thank I God, my birth
Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth
Or warring tribes untried
Surely in toil of fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say,
Of no mean country am I."

THE native-born of this province who is old enough to look about him and to think, may well [illegible] air is our lot. O goodly [illegible]

"Is British Columbia" we are asked, "as rich potentially as the other provinces of the Dominion?"

Let us count our bl[illegible] and location in magnificence of scenery and diversit[illegible] wealth, is there any other c[illegible] this good world by Natur[illegible] dowered?

One firm foot on the borders of Alaska, the other on that imaginary dividing line betwe[illegible] United States her[illegible] the everlasting h[illegible] westward looking [illegible] at the W[illegible] the contin[illegible] brave youn[illegible]

tha[illegible] when we l[illegible]

wa[illegible] be of ear[illegible] Subject from A[illegible]

of country uncovered
ds location. Fate has placed

from India
n the ten
of the thinker
lectual and progr
race—the world's workers

millions of our British cousins
and the Isles of the Sea, we catch

Some one once, in derision, called British Columbia "a sea of mountains"

west. Nature with prodigal hand has given us treasures in the forest wealth of the earth's surface in the wondrous fish life of the ocean and the inland water-ways; but a third, a greater treasure, is hidden deep in earth's bosom It is from her mines more than from aught else, that British Columbia will

wealth second to none in the world
ate us from the rest of the Dominion

declare that North and South and West rather than to the East [illegible] ward was our trade in the old days, to the California goldfields, to the [illegible] to Fort Hope [illegible] day Destiny calls us.

[illegible] billion dollars, and as yet the surface [illegible] been scratched; the fisheries add to

the world's wealth a yearly [illegible] taken in earnest. Agricultu[illegible] fruit return annually to th[illegible] tenth of that is under cultivation W[illegible] [illegible] ble, granite and sandston[illegible] down obligingly to the sea

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S HOPE IS IN ITS H[illegible]

And in the sea swims untouched all up the scale of Nature from sardine to cachelot whale economic wealth that would enrich an empire.

With this plethora of potential wealth, "are we sharing ratably in the general prosperity of Canada?"

Perhaps not.

"What is required to bring about the desired condition?"

I would say that as a province we need publicity. To attract and hold population two things are needed: first, to have natural advantages, second, to let the world know we have them. *The Prairie Provinces were seized with this truth some three or four years ago, and a determined propaganda of publicity has resulted in an unprecedented rush to possess these golden wheat-lands, the great central wheat-belt of Canada is the scene today of the greatest economic trek in the world's history.*

With a diversity of attractions that the prairies can never hope to offer, British Columbia has seemed to wait for some god-from-the-machine to strike her hour of Destiny. Too long a modest violet, the trumpet-flower would be seasonable variation. *The time is ripe to cry our wares in the market. A vigorous policy of publicity should be inaugurated by the Government. The work already accomplished, and that with very limited means, by the Tourist Associations of Victoria and Vancouver, should convincingly prove the wisdom of this. On a larger scale, with wider scope, the province could work.* Illustrated lectures could be undertaken in America, Europe, Australia and the Far East — the three wheat provinces consider that the money they spent on the Western Canada exhibit at the Milan Exhibition will return an 80-fold harvest. Authors and artists by a system of money bonuses should be encouraged to tell the story of British Columbia, its scenic charms, its climatic conditions, its manufacturing and commercial possibilities.

Incidentally we need to be seized ourselves with an adequate conception of the bigness of our heritage.

Some one locally suggested last year that the old Quadra Street Cemetery might be smoothed off and made into a "rest-place." Rest-place forsooth! A rest-place would seem to me the very last thing that we as a people need. We want some prophet full of verve and force and initiative to arise in our midst and with live coal from the altar sting us into the vitality of a vigorous aliveness, a realization of the fact that "This world's no blot for us nor blank, It means intensely and means good."

"Does the difficulty lie in the lack of manufactures, transportation population, labor, available capital, or in ourselves?"

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." We have most of us been taught the fallacy that this life is a "vale of tears," a "fleeting show," a "time and place of probation," and we sit passive, waiting for some great change to be wrought upon us from without.

Life is real. Five minutes now are as valuable as five minutes of eternity and as potent of possibility. There are no Bible times when men lived and worked two or three hundred years, and if we would do any good in our day we must about it now. Some of us could count gray hairs before we were seized of this truth, and this brings us to the last demand, "What steps should be taken to secure the permanent well-being of every man and woman in British Columbia?"

We have enumerated the multiform factors of the economic wealth of this Province, but the greatness of a country in the last analysis does not depend upon its material resources, it depends upon the character of its people. History is mankind's message delivered to every man, history is looking backward that we may intelligently look forward. Ever national character has been built up through struggles and poverty and harshness of conditions. Not once or twice but many times have we seen nations out of their very fatness decay. Per head of population the trade of British Columbia to-day is the largest in the world, amounting to close upon $300

Should the development of our natural resources and the intrusion of thousands of new people increase that trade to $600 or $1,200 per capita, would that wealth without concomitant mental awakening and character development spell "well-being" for British Columbia?

I think not. Mr. Flumerfelt's demands strike at the roots of things and touch the verities of life. If the object of existence and the end of education is merely to teach men to make a living, then let us rest as we are. There are no poor in British Columbia and we can jog along in comparative comfort as it is, three meals a day for us all, and for the luxurious, "a long lie and a tea-breakfast" on Sunday.

The hope of British Columbia lies in her children. These, more than coal measures or seines of lordly salmon or heaven-lifting Douglas firs, are her richest asset. The most perplexing questions of to-day will be in the hands of our children for solution after we are dust and our good swords rust. In their training to a full sweet womanhood, a virile manhood, is our hope as a nation.

Great is the power of environment. In her giant mountains, lone lakes, deep rushing rivers and lush valleys, Nature intended this Pacific Province to cradle a people big and broad and unselfish. To this end we want an educational system freed from politics, we want as teachers men and women big enough to know their power and their high privilege, strongly possessed of the truth that dollars do not spell "well-being" that this sorry scheme of things embraces more than making a living, that we are for a deeper purpose—to live a life. They must teach our boys and girls that in the deepest and truest sense each of us is our brother's keeper, that in the final analysis nothing that is selfish can survive be that selfishness national or individual, and that all questions must be settled not by self-interest, but by justice, by merciful considerations and not mercenary ones.

We want in British Columbia an aroused public opinion, and we want our broadest-minded and deepest-thinking men to forego personal ease and take hold of the helm.

Our hope is in the homes and in the schools. Here and not in the bank-clearings and customs returns our national destiny is even now being wrought out. If ever a new country had an opportunity of evolving a school system to meet its own needs, British Columbia is that country. A people somewhat apart, we can afford to slough off from our school-programs some of the dry bones of the valley, and from the very beginnings let our children realize that they move in a live world. Let the message we bring them from a mile-stone farther on be one of good cheer, and remember that it is the feet of Him who brought glad tidings that are beautiful. Nine times out of ten if you make a child happy you have made him good. All the grand beauty of this favored land is lost to the children if we cannot contrive to let them live near to Nature's heart. I often think a child gets more moral uplift from the six weeks in summer when he wanders at will, than during the forty-six weeks when we ostensibly "educate" him within walls. Blessings on that rare teacher (may her tribe increase!) who takes her little flock into the fields and teaches them to name and love every British Columbia bird and flower.

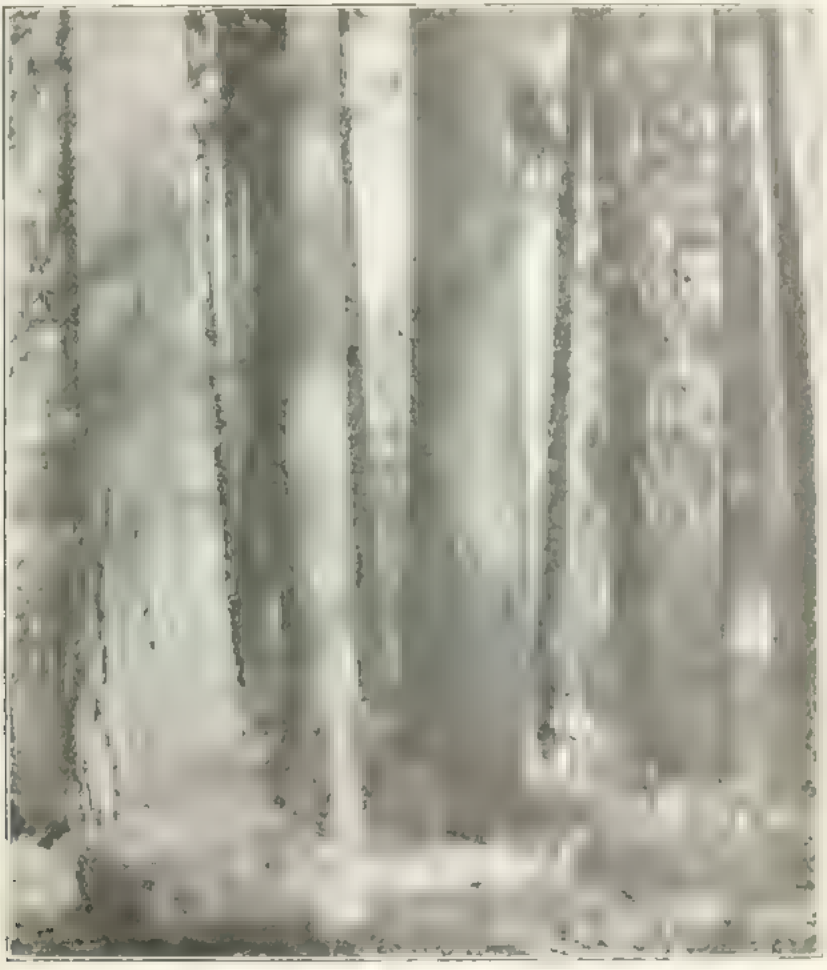
We should make our children realize that Destiny has not intended them to

"House close in a wayside inn,
Or drowse by a dying fire"

They come of a race of workers and to whom much is given of them is much required. As British subjects they belong to the greatest commercial nation of the world; Anglo-Saxons, they are of the dominant race; Canadians they are essentially a self-governing people, a free people—they will be called upon to make the laws under which, and protected by which, they will live. Tell them of their inheritance, not alone the inheritance of rich mine and fertile field and fortune-holding forest. Let them realize into

born, they truly are sprung from earth's noblest—the good King Alfred, de Montford, the Father of the Commons; John Hampden; Latimer and

press; Wilberforce,
and J
hope and courage to



Ridley; Nelson and the Iron Duke; the gallant Sidney, on Zutphen's field dying in agony that another's thirst might be quenched; silver-haired Caxton, in the old Almonry bending over

soul-sick
martyrs for the
With them as we look on
of the past
proud, as we look

we are opening up for the children we are very humble

If commerce is enterprising enough to build a million-dollar hotel on the mud-flats, and if politics ensconces itself in a stone palace of equal cost, even now somewhere amid the oak groves of Victoria should be building the walls of the British Columbia University, a new vital growing institution dedicated to the making of men and women, and full of the mellow juice of life. We have talked University and written University and in the Temple of the Wise at James Bay has been debated University for more than one decade. When we really want it, we shall simply start to build it.

Mr. Flumerfelt said the object of his letter was "to make men and women think." When we do this,

"There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good,
There shall come a time when knowledge wide extended
Sinks each man's pleasure in the general health,
And all shall hold irrevocably blended
The individual and the common-[illegible]

Better to Wear than to Rust

Frank L. Beeby

'TIS better by far in the battle of life
To be at the front than the rear
To earn the reward and the guerdon of strife
By manfully battling here

'Tis better to work with a spirit of love,
Although we may gain but a crust,
Still looking above the effort will prove
'Tis better to wear than to rust.

A man upon earth with nothing to do
Is only a man in the way,
And the soul unused to service, 'tis true
Is doomed to an early decay.

It is the decree of an Infinite will
That struggle and labor we must
Our mission fulfil, discovering still—
'Tis better to wear than to rust.

Babette

By Nellie L. McClung

If George Shaw had been a Christian Scientist on the morning of the twentieth of October, he would have said that he had too much mortal mind. But he was a Methodist, and one who had departed from his first love, so he merely said that he felt like the very devil.

The rain fell dismally from the gray sky, dripped with steady insistence on the leaky roof of the shanty, and made dirty puddles on the floor. For three days and three nights the downpour had fallen, and still the gray sky hung heavy with moisture.

"Just what we need," growled Shaw ironically, as he looked out of the little fly-specked window on the dull gray morning. The grain stood in water-soaked shocks, its golden color almost gone. Beside the dripping straw-stack, the old black-and-white cow stood, humped and dejected, but with a look of resignation on her honest Holstein face. She shook the rain-water out of her ears as he looked, and again huddled closer to the straw-stack.

With a shiver, Shaw turned from the window and proceeded to light a fire in the little rust-red stove. Ashes littered the floor. A sooty pot with a few black potatoes, boiled yesterday in their skins, stood on the back covers. Dirty dishes littered the table. He filled the rusty iron tea-kettle from a yellow tin water-pail that stood on a raisin box in a corner, and then made a circuitous route to the bread-box, avoiding the drops that fell with dismal precision from the roof.

He found the breadbox empty, and only then remembered that this was bread-day when Henri, the half-breed boy, would bring him the week's supply. But as Henri, after the manner of his leisurely kind, never appeared before noon, there was nothing for it but to breakfast on the soda biscuits left from last week's baking. He set the box on the table, thereby disturbing two bright-eyed little mice who had also discovered the depletion of the larder.

Next he threw a handful of black tea into the teapot, filled it up with water and set it on the stove to draw; this was only Friday, and Sunday was the day for emptying the tea-leaves—and that was all.

While he drank the bitter black tea and ate the mouse-nibbled soda biscuits he was surprised to hear footsteps approaching, and still more surprised when Henri appeared at the door with the bread-sack slung over his shoulder.

"Come in, come in, Henri!" exclaimed Shaw. "What has struck you this morning?"

Henri grinned as he laid down the gunny-sack, and Shaw noticed that his face bore the marks of recent and mighty conflict with soap and water.

"What's struck you, Henri?" Shaw repeated, his wonder growing as he noticed further details of the boy's toilet. "Have you experienced a change of heart?"

"No change heart," said Henri. "Change shirt, change socks, change everyt'ing. No change heart. Babette, she is home. Come on de car from de Vinnipeg. Babette wan beeg swell!"

"You don't say?" exclaimed Shaw, setting down his big white cup with its tracery of tea-stains. "You dressed up because your sister was coming home, did you?"

"Non!" said Henri in disgust. "dress up 'cause Babette say I got to. Babette say I wan dirty [illegible]—Bah!"

"Good for Babette," laughed Shaw. "She certainly has you down fine, Henri."

Henri's eyes narrowed into slits.

"Babette say you leev lak wan dog," he remarked, watching Shaw furtively.

The white man flushed.

"Babette talks too much, I think," he answered with sudden dignity.

"Babette is wan beeg swell," repeated Henri, proudly. "Babette clean her teet' wan, two, t'ree tam every day. She wash her ear. She sweep, scrub, clean all tam. Mais oui, you should but see Babette. She is good peopl'."

"She certainly has tidied you up some, Henri."

"I mus' go now," said the lad. "Babette she say not stay long. She go at dad to-day. Clean him. Dad say he be dam'. Babette say we see."

"Say, Henri!" Shaw called after the boy. "Is Babette going to stay at home now?"

Henri stuck his head in the doorway. "Mabee she stay," he said. "Maybee she marry you, if she want. Babette good peopl', Babette wan beeg swell," and Henri nodded his head to impress on his listener the advantages of such a union.

Shaw laughed again as the boy shut the door, and went on with his breakfast. The bread that Henri had brought was white and fine, and Shaw caught himself wondering if Babette had baked it. He remembered Babette quite well, although he had not seen her for four years. Then she had been a slim brown girl, barefooted and bareheaded, picking potatoes in the field, and dressed principally in a gunny-sack.

That was when he had first come to Manitoba and taken his homestead on the Souris river. The half-breed family were his nearest neighbors, but he had seen no more of Babette for she had gone to Winnipeg that winter with a family from Treesbank, presumably to school.

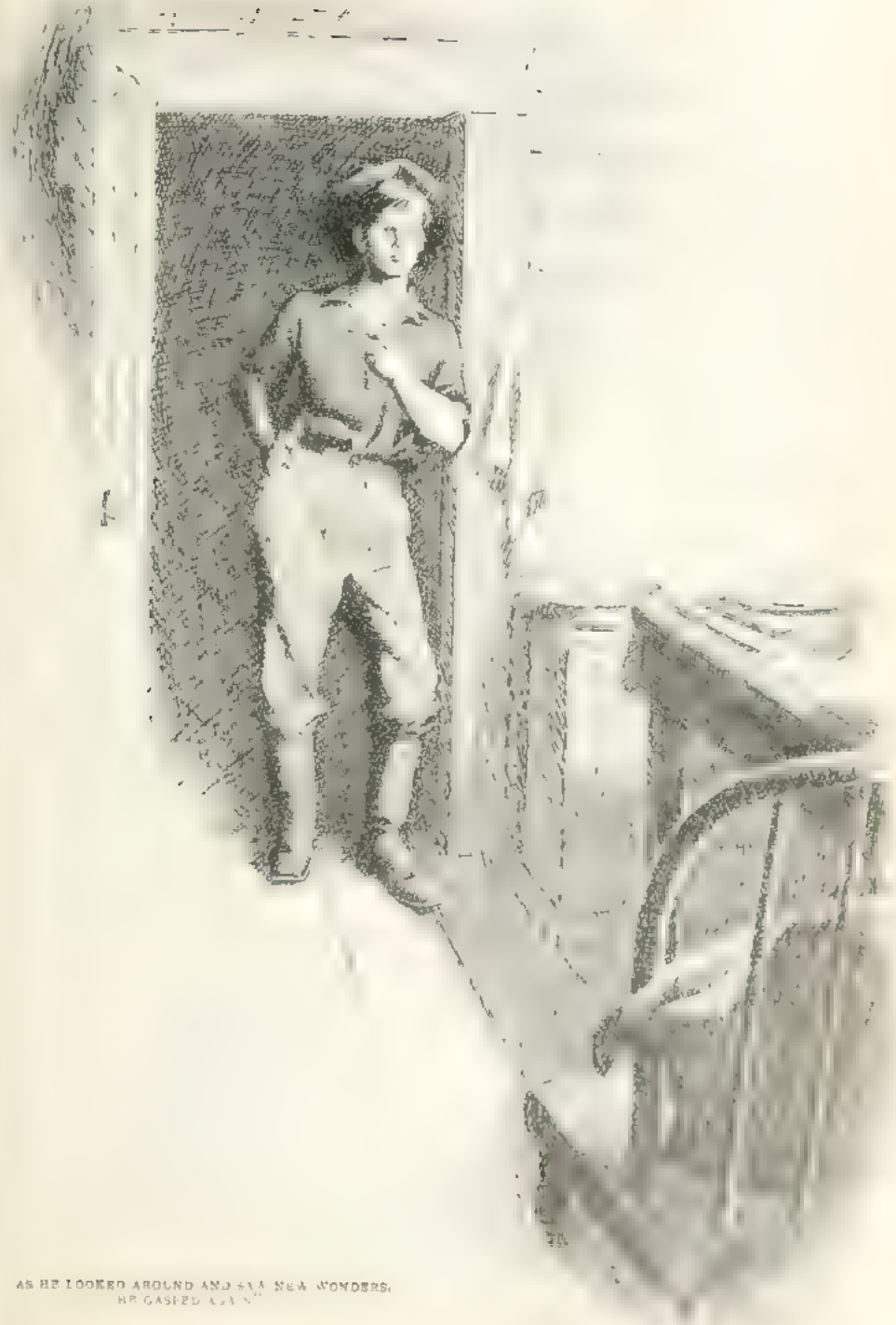
All morning the rain fell and dripped disconsolately into the little shanty where Shaw sat and smoked and watched the mice play around the empty pack-boxes. At noon a light wind sprang up, and the heavy clouds that so long had covered the face of the sky, rose, parted and rolled majestically away to the horizon. The sun, so long hidden, burst forth into full splendor, and the drenched fields steamed under its rays.

Shaw swallowed a hasty dinner and set off to the oat-field to open up the shocks, fearing that the wet heat would start the oats to growing under the delusion that it was spring. The trees flung down showers of big drops as he brushed through the big bluff that sheltered his oat-field on the north, and the fallen leaves gave out a sweet, wistful fragrance. In the maples the blue-jays chattered riotously, and from far away over the Brandon Hills came the honk of the wild geese. He looked up at the sound and saw their ragged, V-shaped flock making all speed southward as if they had already delayed too long.

From the field he looked down into the valley of the Souris. In the hollows the warm mist still lingered, and the birds sang as joyously as though the winter were over and gone, and tomorrow the crocuses would blossom. The river, widened out over the flat, glinted and flashed through the trees like a matrix stone, and once he saw a long-legged crane wading.

All afternoon Shaw worked away in the field in glad content. The soft Indian summer air was sweet as a caress, and stirred him into a responsive mood, and when the sun went down in a blaze of splendor, turning to crimson and gold the murky purple of the clouds that lay like dim-seen mountains on the horizon and touching the windows of a distant farm-house with flame, he leaned on his fork and watched with reminiscent eyes, thinking of his English home.

When he turned toward the shack, his thoughts darkened with the darkening landscape. The vision of his own dismal little shanty with its dirt and cheerlessness dismayed him. He knew just how it would look when he opened the door, the buzzing flies, the muddy floor, the racing mice—yes, Babette



AS HE LOOKED AROUND AND SAW NEW WONDERS, HE GASPED AGAIN.

was right, he did live like a dog.

Reluctantly he swung the door wide, with an ache of homelessness on him. Then he started back with an exclamation of wonder.

There was a merry fire in the polished stove, and a delightful odor of fried ham greeted him. The tea-kettle gurgled and bubbled. A kettle of white, mealy potatoes stood on the back of the stove. The floor was scrubbed, his bed was made, there was a gay red cushion on his chair—Shaw stood bewildered in the doorway.

"Babette!" he ejaculated. "It must have been Babette. By George! that girl is making love to me."

As he looked around and saw new wonders, he gasped again. A clean towel hung beside the little looking-glass, the wash-basin that had long been lost was reposing on the little box that served as washstand, suggestively full of clean water, and the comb that had been missing since last Sunday lay beside it.

The supper was laid for two, a snowy-white flour-sack taking the place of a table-cloth. When Shaw sat down and noticed the other plate opposite his own, he was filled with apprehension. Was Babette going to swoop down on him and claim him as her own? He shivered, remembering the gunny-sack. Any girl that would undertake to clean up the old man could do anything, and besides, Henri said she would marry him if she wanted to.

That settled it. He locked the door

The ham and eggs were deliciously fried, the potatoes were so clean and white they looked strange to him, and the comfortable meal was so welcome to the tired man that he forgot his fears and ate. Not until his appetite was appeased did he notice the other improvements—the clean window, the polished lamp-chimneys, the roll of papers and pile of magazines beside his bed

"O Babette Babette!" he said, laughing to himself, "you do know how to press your suit. I wish I could forget the old man and the gunny-sack, but I can't, and I'll be hanged if I know what to make of it all."

Just then he noticed a piece of paper sticking out from under the unused plate. He snatched it up curiously, and read

' Dear Mister Pshaw! No I don't want you. Thank you all the same. I cleaned up your shantey to let you see how it feals to live like white folks. I have a gentleman frend in Winnipeg he wears clene collars and can alwas find his combe no more at present

Babette Morin."

When he had finished reading, he sat for a few minutes, thinking deeply Then he slowly unlocked the door.

Breeding Blue Ribbon Stock in Canada

By Franklin J. Spencer

THE man who sets about to discover the birthplace and home of improved stock breeding will eventually put his finger down upon the British Isles

In other nations the science of horse-breeding is well advanced and other peoples raise good stock, but the British have evolved the most perfect types and the industry is pursued with greater intelligence and success there than anywhere else in the world. The very limitations of the British Isles enhances in the estimation of the people the value of land, and competition among land owners early started farmers and the holders of estates to enquire how best their lands could be made profitable. The breeding of live stock was selected as the most promising, and the adaptability of the soil and climate lent encouragement to the vocation. Added to this there is the Britisher's natural love for animals and his penchant for enjoying any task that requires infinite patience and instinctive skill. The Britisher began his exploits in home breeding through an accidental circumstance. King Charles in the eighteenth century had sent to him from Arabia three beautiful stallions of the breed that Arabs had kept for their saddle work for centuries. These stallions were beautiful in confirmation and because of their long line of carefully selected ancestors identical in type and following certain blood lines, were most successful in impressing their likeness upon the stock they left by English mares. The circumstance suggested to the English mind the possibilities of careful breeding, and a desire which is characteristic of Anglo Saxons to possess the best of everything, stimulated the breeders of horses to further improve their stock by selection. The result was the final evolution in England of a fixed type of race horses pure in breeding and prepotent in their influence upon their offspring

From this beginning and from this example the British farmer set about evolving other types, which afterwards, through adhering closely to certain blood lines, attained the dignity and importance of pure breeds Certain districts favored certain types because they had certain work to perform, and the pastures and other environments tended to produce that type. These types became more differentiated and their numbers increased, their best individuals were selected, large land owners engaged in their breeding for pleasure as well as for profit until eventually a breed would become a national institution The processes have resulted in Great Britain producing the fastest race hors

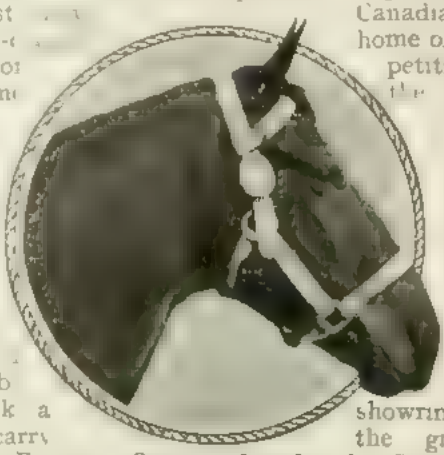
the thoroughbred, the heaviest, most massive draft horses, the shires; the most stylish of carriage horses, the Hackneys; the cleanest limbed, most active and most perfectly moulded, draft horses, the Clydesdale; the handiest, most docile and longest lived breed, the Suffolk Punch; and the hardiest and smallest specimens of the equine tribe, the ponies of the Shetland Islands

America, including the United States and Canada, was settled largely by Britishers and a study of the tastes of those who chose the republic and those who chose the crown colony as their homes, is interesting, especially if we investigate their influences upon the stock of the two countries. The Britishers, whose chief ambition was to make money—and these were mostly of the towns and cities—invariably went to the States but those who looked in the new world for a farm and home above all things else selected Canada. The Britisher of the country is and has been intensely loyal to British institutions. To him British laws and British customs embody the perfection of legislative enactments and logical rules. Besides, there is deeply grounded in his conscience the British love of home, of land and of family, hence it was only natural that Canada should have secured that part of British emigration that excelled in the art of stock breeding and farming. This circumstance accounts for the prominence of the Province of Ontario as a stock-raising district, for the influence and example of these British stockraisers has been wide-spread. Throughout the whole agricultural history of America the stock of Ontario, and especially her Clydesdale horses, Shorthorn cattle, and her British breeds of sheep and swine, have always taken the most prominent places at International exhibitions in continental competition. Her prowess in this subject was demonstrated in 1875 at the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia, again in 1893 at the World's Fair in Chicago, and in more recent years at the World's Fair at St Louis and the annual International Live Stock Exhibitions at Chicago The Centennial and Columbian exhibitions are events of the past and as to the showyard victories of Canadian horses they need not be dwelt upon.

At the World's Fair in St. Louis fine Canadian horses were shown, but no stable attained more illustrious distinction than that of the Canadian, Mr Robert Beith, of Bowmanville, Ont., who with Hackney horses won five prizes and two championships. These victories are of particular interest for the reason that the strength of the display rested with horses bred upon the ranges of Western Canada. Beith selected from the range shed of Rawlinson Bros., of Calgary, this champion stallion, Saxon, his first prize and champion mare, Priscilla, and his reserve for champion mare, Miniona. In the same year, 1904, Saxon and Priscilla were champions at the International in Chicago, showing against imported stock. The following year their western-bred horses, full of glory from many showyards, were sold at auction when Saxon brought $5,500, Miniona, $1,625 and Priscilla, $825 Such notable horses as these were only possible of production by the purchase and use in the stud of the best stallions available, a policy that Canadian horsemen invariably follow. The sire of the noted trio mentioned above was the world-famous Robin Adair, who, after ten years service in the stud on the range was taken to New York in 1901 where in the hottest competition he won the championship of the show, and coming back in 1902 was first in his class and reserve for championship But this was only natural since his sire, Rufus, was champion of the breed in England in 1889 and 1890

Just this last summer this famous stud which gave to American showrings so many noted members, and to the admirers of fancy horses so many of the most stylish park pairs, was dispersed at auction, and realized some $70,000, being $20,000 more than the valuation the owners put upon the stock, which goes to show the appreciation in which the horse-loving public held the blood which predominated.

Before leaving the lighter types of horses to discuss the heavy drafts which are most numerous in Western Canada, I might mention that each spring, Winnipeg has one of the most extensive horse shows held in the country. At the last [illegible] in June so many high-[illegible] horses were prepared for the exhibition, that one ambitious exhibitor had to go down to Chicago and select from the famous stables of Tichenor & Co., representatives to strengthen his string to win, and from the same show the noted judge of ro[illegible] horses, Mr. Geo Webb of Pennsylvania, took a blue ribbon winner to carry the honors at the Eastern States shows. Horses are quite a hobby in Western Canada and in addition to the large ranches several racing stables are maintained in which are owned such celebrated track performers as the Broncho, Harold H., Red King, Joe Patch, Chestnut Brown, etc



But illustrious as are the road and carriage horses of the British West, none the less famous are her show-yard winners among the heavy draft types. Her breeding establishments of Clydesdales are nowhere surpassed on the continent and her breeders never fail to buy the best that the market offers, as illustrated by the number of international winners and champions in Scotland, that have found their way to the farms and ranches of the Canadian West. Taking the winners for two years at the International at Chicago, the exhibition at which the continental champion in the live stock arena [illegible] year decided, we have in Western Canada the first prize three-year-old in 1902, the champion first and second prize four year-olds and the first prize yearling in 1903 Since then the well-known importers, Alex. Galbraith & Son, of Janesville, Wis., who show one of the strongest strings on the continent have invariably sent to their Brandon, Manitoba, stables the choice of their selections

But strong as their horses are, they have found it difficult to hold their positions against importations by Canadians direct from the home of the breed, and competition has developed in the showrings of such shows as Winnipeg, Regina, Brandon, Calgary and New Westminster that has tried the prowess of the most redoubtable champion. All the winners at the International have been compelled to take lesser honors in these showrings, and this year the great champion of females in Scotland, Rosadora, the winner of the Cawdor Cup, the highest honor to which Clydesdales can attain, was decisively beaten for championship by a home-bred mare in the hands of one of the latest aspirants for exhibition honors, to be exact, Eva's Gem, shown by R. H Taber. Others also had the satisfaction of turning the tables upon the champion, her own stable mate being one; Polly Chattan, a mare from Calgary being another; and Irene, a Regina mare, being the last

At present, Canadians are most enthusiastic in the work of breeding Clydesdales. Brandon the hustling little city in Western Manitoba, is a veritable hot-bed of horsemen. In it four large importing barns are maintained by McMillan, Colquhoun & Beattie, Alex. Galbraith & Son, J. B. Hogate, and Trotter & Trotter. Further west near the town of Arcola, W H. Bryce has a most select stable the pride of which is the Cawdor Cup winner before mentioned, Rosadora.

Altogether Mr. Bryce has some thirty head of picked mares from Scotland headed by the first prize three-year-old stallion at the Highland the strongest Clydesdale show in the World Mr. Bryce's lot were picked

without consideration of cost and represents an investment of $30,000.

Near the capital of Saskatchewan, Regina, there are several breeding farms where Clydesdale perfection may be found. At one of these owned by A. & G. Mutch, the 1907 champion female Eva's Gem was bred, together with several others that have won the highest honors at different exhibitions where the strongest competition by imported stock prevailed. Each year Messrs. Mutch add to their stables from selections in Scotland and supply an ever increasing demand for breeding stock throughout the new country.

Another of Regina's most prominent breeding establishments is that owned by R. H. Taber, who this year, with stock he had selected from the Mutch stables, won male and female championships at the Winnipeg Exhibition. The story of Mr. Taber's achievements upon his Saskatchewan farm illustrates what may be accomplished by determination, business acumen and steady work. Six years ago he held a responsible position in one of the largest railway offices in Canada with bright prospects of advancement, but the independent life of the prairie held more lure for him than the routine of the office, so he turned his face to[illegible]rd Saskatchewan, secured three quarter sections of land and with the money he made out of wheat raising invested in horses which at this season's shows brought him a national reputation. Nor was his material costly. With a true horseman's instinct he bought young stock with promise of making champions and the awards of judges abundantly vindicated his judgment.

Further west in Alberta the heavy horse interests are ably championed by a son of old Scotland, Mr. John A. Turner, who distributes fully fifty per cent. of the stallions that his adopted province demands and who invariably leads in her provincial shows.

Besides Clydesdales Canada is providing a lucrative market for American importers and breeders of Percherons, the American settlers being ardent admirers and liberal buyers of this breed.

For breeders of horses of all types Western Canada is affording glorious opportunities and ample recommendation. The demand for all classes of working horses is practically unlimited and at prices ranging from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars each.

The Open Road

By Mary Wheelwright Mitchell

Hand [illegible]
And a well-known step beside
And the long, tree-shadowed moonlit road
Where a thousand phantoms glide

Hand on my shoulder—steady!
Now and again a word
Now the throaty, sweet, elusive call
From hylas-pools faint-heard.

Hand on my shoulder—steady!
Wine of the moon-witched spring
Scenting the haunted woodland
Flooding the fairy ring!

Gate of the silver birches,
House of the rain-wet leaves,
Hearth of the glimmering fox-fire
Where a housewife dryad weaves!

Night and the road before us,
Night and a jewelled sky,—
'Tis the open road forever
For my gipsy love and I.

The Battlefords

By John V Borne

THE Battlefords [illegible] more interesting than a long pedigree. The importance of a man's pedigree is in the light it throws on his defunct relatives. The Battlefords are their own importances. They owe little to the obscure past even though they profit by it. Separately, they exemplify that West as it was and as it is. Together they contain the sure and certain promise of what the West will be. There are two Battlefords in a locality where, for a generation, it was believed there could be only one. The first Battleford was born in expectation of the iron horse passing through its streets. The second Battleford came into being because the iron horse came from an unexpected direction. The Saskatchewan divides them, sentimentally and geographically.

When there was no railway between the shores of the Georgian Bay and the Pacific coast, Battleford was founded, capital of the Northwest Territories, on the south bank of the Battle river where it is fordable just before it joins the Saskatchewan major. The location was central for the majestic spread of prairie between the infant province of Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains. The transcontinental railway, concerning which practical men hoped much, and halting politicians feared more, was surveyed to cross the Battle at this very spot. The line ran through the best country north of parallel forty-nine. You cannot talk about the original projection with Sir Sanford Fleming, now spending a mellow eventide at Ottawa, without catching some of the spirit of primeval romance that suffused those bygone expectations.

The railway was coming; the Hudson's Bay Company had surrendered its idea of sovereign right over the Empire of the Plains in return for $1,500,000 and one-twentieth of all the lands to be surveyed in the unexploited territory, and there must be outward signs that the machinery of the Government was run with changed motive power. So Battleford was born, and David Laird first Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, came to represent the Queen, and the far-off entity of power that dwelt in Ottawa. Mr Laird remains a tall dignified citizen of Winnipeg upon whose treasures of Western experience it is my happiness once in a while to draw.

It was thought in those days that the end of spacious living for old time plainsmen was in sight. In Battleford the Indian and half breed were almost as plentiful as the tenderfoot from West Ham could desire. Thirty years ago they were more numerous, more picturesque, more serious factors in the governance of the country. They foresaw the increase of paleface settlement. They sensed the impossibility of preventing it. But they could not help occasionally, disclosing their melancholy impotent anticipations. They had neither the temper of the angels, nor the exquisite personal habits of Beau Brummel. Whence this Battleford story.

Treaty money was to be paid. About fourteen hundred Indians were congregated up the river among the bluffs a few miles from Battleford just-begun. The Government representative sent word that he was ready to pay. The chiefs replied that he must meet them half way. With the best available grace Her Majesty's representative concurred, deeming it not discreet to flout an overwhelming majority of aborigines and his retinue therefore went up the river and [illegible]

his tents over against the assembled tepees, and once more notified the chiefs of his will Answer came that the great white tent was not in the appointed place Half way was three hundred yards nearer where a pine log lay on the ground. There would the head chief meet the Monias-With-The Money. Again the courteous White conciliated the punctilious Red and found the pine log covered by a capacious tent. The head chief sat on an end of the log and invited the Queen's messenger to join him.

Now the Chief was noble, but he was not clean. He was on the closest terms with many of the smallest of God's creatures His White Brother, not wishing to share this particular intimacy, sat where contact was purely conversational. Solemn courtesies were exchanged, and grave discourse was pursued. But the Indian edged closer to the White, and the White edged regularly away; until the other end of the log was reached, and White gave Red a look of pained apprehension that diplomatic genius could not misinterpret The chief arose and said. "You have come to the end of the log, a little at a time. That is how the White people are treating the Indians" The audience was at an end and the treaty was paid

Such are two commonplace paragraphs from the Battleford Tales, yet to be written —tales that will describe the careless prosperity of Capital Days, when the locomotive was six hundred miles away; that will portray the disappointment of the town when the railway passed two hundred miles to the south, and Regina became the abode of the Governor; that will set forth the grim history of the '85 rebellion; that will tell how, for fourteen or fifteen years, Saskatoon, ninety miles off was the nearest station; that will show the enterprise by which the big Saskatchewan at last got its railway. The north bank was selected by the engineers of the Canadian Northern and once more the town had to eat the bread of disappointment, and girded itself to retain an honorable progressive individuality, and to attract lines of steel from the south-east and south-west.

You are more in love with the old town every time you see it. You meet Mayor Prince, most typical representative of prosperous French Canada, who admires Quebec but cleaves to the West, who, in the intervals of showing the Prince flour mill, the saw mill on the river, the big store on the main street the hotel he built, and the farm he delights in, will tell you of toilsome early days and of the tragedy that attended his ride to bring his sister into safety from the revolted Crees twenty-two years ago. You talk with one of the best of contented Scotsmen in Mr. Clinkskill, now of Saskatoon, who retains his Battleford store with its associations of wanton destruction in rebellion time, and sales of flour at fourteen dollars a barrel.

Here is the venerable Brokoski, London bred, and English accented, after fifty years of Canadian life—a Government explorer of the earliest seventies,as familiar with myriad herds of buffalo as he was with the crowds of Clerkenwell. There is a genial, weather-beaten Clink, who can talk Indian with the facility of a practised missionary, and who, while Farm Instructor on an adjacent reserve, kept the Indians quiet in 1885 by asking them how they were going to beat all the white soldiers who would surely come from the East and how, if they did win, they could make guns and powder, blankets and needles. Of younger men too, there are plenty —the fellows who know that Opportunity does not reserve all her beneficences for the newest places and who are happy in helping old Battleford grow

The Western town is what the surrounding country makes it. Agriculture is the Providence that sustains them all. When I was last in Battleford it was a grievous task to refuse to let them drive to the Eagle Hills and as much farther as daylight would allow—to see the crops Away south toward the Tramping Lake country there is ideal wheat raising land that is fast being settled by first-class Ontario farmers and by Americans

accustomed to the Dakotas and Minnesota and Iowa who, better than any other immigrants, know what is worth acquiring. But there is something more than land—there is the record of what it has done in times when its culture was less perfectly understood than it is now. Here is Mayor Prince's testimony.

"It is over twenty-six years ago that I came to Battleford from Three Rivers, Que., and since then I have cropped from one hundred to two hundred and fifty acres almost every year; 1879 to 1884, inclusive, the crops were very good. Oats averaged forty-five to fifty bushels per acre, and some years as high as sixty to seventy bushels Wheat averaged twenty to thirty bushels per acre and was of excellent quality. In 1885, the year of the rebellion, there was practically no grain sown, but conditions were favorable to produce a good crop, and small fields sown here and there, did turn out well.

In 1886 and 1887 crops were poor on account of drought and hot winds in June. 1888 to 1893 crops were good, oats averaged forty five to sixty bushels per acre and excellent quality. 1894 was not a heavy crop, but still rather fair, the season was too wet and cold and there was some injury by frost 1895 and 1896 the crops were rather poor, being injured by frost as the seasons were too wet and cold. 1897 to 1905 we had good crops right along, heavy yields and excellent quality.

"Other years like 1882 and 1883 brought exceedingly heavy crops, when wheat averaged thirty bushels per acre and oats seventy bushels. We have had very little injury by hail, no grasshoppers and other injurious insects, and I have never seen rust on the grain here.

"There is probably not another district on the American Continent that can show a more favorable record for the past twenty-six years. The winters are comparatively mild here, warm chinook winds being of frequent occurrence, and I have seen four or five open winters when there was practically no snow and we had to use wagons all the winter."

The witness of the old-timers is blessed for more than its proof of the financial comfort they enjoy. They rejoice all the time in the country as a place to dwell in. They are capable of gratification at the rapid progress of the town across the river, the product of the Canadian Northern Railway, with a spur from which beginning at the south end of the magnificent steel bridge, five miles up the Valley, the senior town is happy to be daily served. And, indeed North Battleford is a place to mark. In May 1905 five individuals dwelt on its site. This fall there are nearly fifteen hundred people within its borders. Talk to a citizen about the future, and he says "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," and produces a map showing a programme of new railways radiating from Battleford, to established cities, and to north-easterly and north-westerly districts where towns are not yet named. The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific are looked for; and other roads chartered are the Calgary, Red Deer and Battleford, the Saskatchewan Central, the Battleford and North Western, the Battleford and Lake Manitou, the Prince Albert and North Battleford & Hudson Bay.

The best feature of this ambitious programme in steel and ties is that it springs from the need felt by existing farmers for easy shipment of their produce. Some of us know what Brandon was like twenty years ago. What Brandon was North Battleford is. What Brandon is North Battleford will be.

As an indication of the rapidity which this section of the Province of Saskatchewan is being peopled take the free homestead entries at the Dominion Land office at Battleford. For the year ending June 30th, in 1902 there were 168, and in 1906 it reached 7,873. Coincidently the log shack at North Battleford has been over-shadowed by buildings that are worth thousands; while the town has an accessible value of $1,080,000 and is committed to excellent public works including a $35,000 school.

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

With the Wild Ducks

By R. W. D[illegible].

THERE are a great many different varieties of wild ducks in this country, among which may be mentioned mallards, canvas-backs spoonbills, pintails, and teal. These five are most commonly found, though occasionally other kinds occur here

As soon as winter loosens his grip on the sloughs and creeks, and the ice fades away, the ducks begin to arrive They come in flocks but stay only a few days, resting and waiting for returns from the Far North regarding open water. Then they move on. A comparatively small number, apparently tired of roaming, and satisfied with present surroundings, remain They inhabit the secluded and marshy waters as a general rule; but you may fall upon pairs or small detachments feeding quite openly near human habitations

The female builds her nest upon the ground at a convenient distance from the water. She always selects a grassy and bushy spot, and conceals her nest with beautiful care In this she deposits an egg daily until she has from six to twelve. Then she calls it enough and begins to sit. In three weeks the young fellows crack the shells, give a peep-peep-peep, and go for a swim, enjoying life as little ducks should They spend their days in gorging their little gizzards, and their nights in waiting for daybreak

The mother duck has a strong maternal instinct Instances are known where a sitting duck has allowed, a person to place a hand upon her back rather than desert her post. After her young are hatched, she always keeps them under her immediate supervision

The drakes take no pride or concern whatever in their offspring They look upon them as strangers, the mystery of whose coming they know not, and on the mother depends the safety of the young ducklings

By the end of August the young have grown up, the mothers have moulted, the drakes are sleek and fat, and are already seeking mates for the new homemaking down South in November Now is the time to oil up your gun and get on the trail if you want your fulll share of roast duck

There are three different ways of duck-hunting in this country, and the method you adopt will depend upon the class of sportsman you are There are three kinds, the pothunter, the conscientious sportsman, and the professional. If you are a boy on the farm you will probably take the old gun, the one no one else will use, and hie away to the sloughs Approaching, and seeing numerous ducks feeding along the margin, you will get down on all fours and crawl, gliding through grass and brakes unseen by the still placidly feeding birds

When you have reached your chosen redoubt, and arranged the cocking mechanism of your gun, you will raise one eye cautiously above the barricade of bushes, and hastily reconnoitre the position. If your intended victims are bunched, you will unmask your concealed battery, and flash "dark death and dreamful ease" across the intervening space. If they are not bunched, you wait until they become so. If you are a busy farmer, with an eye to Sunday dinner, you will do the same sneak that the boy made. If you are more interested in duck-meat than

reputation, you will invariably follow this method. It is the surest

But if you are a town chap with an eye for a bird, and considerable predilection for "sport," you will get a day off from the desk, and go forth to shoot ducks. Your equipment will consist of a livery rig, a borrowed gun, ammunition ditto, extensive lunch, pocket-pistol ditto, and garments that would make a florist's Easter window blush with envy. You will disdain to sneak through the grass. You are all kinds of a crack with a gun, and prefer to take them on the wing. So you spread out, and wait. Presently seven thousand ducks fly past at ninety miles an hour.

Bang! bang! goes your gun; bang! bang! Jim's; bang! bang! Bill's, bang! bang! bang! bang! the other fellows'. How many birds? Not a feather. What! Fact, though. So you discuss the incredible incident Then you pull out your pocket-pistol and fire down your throats

Presently Jim—it couldn't be you—finds himself separated from the rest of the boys. Being sure no one else can see him, he makes a beautiful sneak of about half a-mile on a flock of ducks swimming on a placid pool. Arriving on the scene, he breaks the peaceful stillness rudely. The ducks fly up One remains, kicking on the surface of the water. Jim doesn't believe in this sort of exercise among ducks, so he plunges in, rescues the bird, and hangs it on his traps Then he returns to his fellows fearlessly. He is the proud possessor of the only duck in the party. You go home silently through secluded byways, sedulously concealing that one lonesome duck. And you do not go duck-shooting again –not until next time

Another kind of duck hunter is what may be called the honest sport. He is a lover of nature. The wide stretch of the open marshes lays hold upon his fancy. Often he is a dreamer a man "whom the strong sons of the world despise." The game is really of secondary importance. Scrupulously he gives the bird a chance for life. Rigidly he adheres to shooting on the wing. Really duck-shooting is merely an excuse for getting away into the silence of the reeds under the clear autumn sky. He is never happier than when he prowls alone through the flags eating his solitary luncheon from the security of a damp tussock, and getting perhaps enough birds for Uncle John's folks' Sunday dinner Properly speaking, he is not a hunter at all, but as his desires lead him incidentally to shoot, he may freely come under that classification.

The third division of the hunters is "the professional." Incidentally he may be a lawyer, a doctor, a banker, a railroad official, or a politician. But his real business is duck-shooting. He is a crack shot He spends much time in the city shooting at "traps,"—known distance, unknown angle He has a gun of some approved maker and made to order. It possesses the correct drop, the best balance, the proper taper, the right bevel on the midrib, and the most suitable fullness on the stock It costs him a couple of hundred dollars

Then he has some dogs. They know all about duck hunting as did their fathers and mothers and their grandfathers and grandmothers before them. They, too, cost him a couple of hundred dollars.

He has the correct boots for wading the correct color of clothing, artistically made decoys, and a "call." The latest refinements of the athletic store are his, and deeply is he loaded with paraphernalia. Armed and equipped with all these, he goes hunting, usually from his own shooting-box, and great is the slaughter

The hunter gets the best end of the bargain—the best two ends in fact The boy's mother, the farmer's wife, the townbred chap's landlady, the "professional's" cook, must perform the intermediate rites of plucking, dressing, washing and roasting. There is pleasure in both ends for the man and work and worry in between for the woman. But why moralize, especially at mealtime? Let's ask for another helping.

Sabo

By Cy Warman

Author of "Frontier Stories," "The Last Spike," etc

C'EST bon!" said the half-French father, as the woman shoved the baby's head above the blanket and made known its sex. "C'est bon!" he repeated, and after filling his pouch with hard bread and dried meat, he strode away to the forests of Temagami, again to track the black bear and reset his traps. And that is how the Indian woman came to call her baby "Sabo."

Do you know Temagami? If you were to take a dipperful of molten silver and spill it over the sandy shore down by the water's edge, it would sprawl and splash and sprangle, and then lie quite still. That is the way the Indians say Gitch Manitou, or Wes-a-ka-chack, made Temagami. He reached over into the deep sea, scooped up a handful of water, and spilled it down on what was then a sandy waste. The water fell heavily. Here and there it drove deep into the sand, and when Gitch Manitou looked down, he saw this wonderful lake with its numerous inlets and outlets, and he called it Temagami, which means "deep water." Because of the water, the grass and the flowers and the forest came. Because of the good God of the red man, the bear, the beaver, the moose, and the red deer came, and what had been a desert waste became a beautiful world. "Yes," say the Indians, "Gitch Manitou made beautiful Temagami."

In Temagami the half-breed met a white trapper who had a full-blood for a guide. Also the white man had fire-water of which they all drank. The full-blood, hating the half-breed for the white man that was in him, wanted to fight, and the white man, not caring particularly for the Indian that was in the half-breed suffered them to come together.

When it was all over, the white man listened and hearing no sound of any living thing, took the traps from the dead guide and the grub from the pouch of the half-breed, who had been slain also and went about his business leaving the two fighters just where they dropped, and the rest to the Mounted Police.

Beside the beautiful Lake Temagami twenty snows fell and melted away with the spring. Sabo, the baby, was a man, and his mother was an old, old woman. Sabo worked sometimes, and with what he earned and what his old mother forced from the garden, they lived. But mostly Sabo played the mouth-harp. On Sunday he attended service in the little English Episcopal Church that stood at the crossing of the roads.

After church, he wooed the dark Ramona, Lorine du Bois. Her father, like Sabo's father, was nearly half white, could read and write, and lived in a neat log house with a fireplace and a loft, and one window up under the peak of the roof. From this window Lorine leaned on summer nights, and listened to the music of Sabo's harp as it came to her faintly on the cool night wind.

Sometimes, in the dark of the moon when the nights were sultry and his blood was hot, Sabo would steal out across the garden and up under Lorine's high window.

Seated in a black bear skin, thrown over a sawbuck, he would blow soft melody up towards the silent figure in the window. Sometimes, he would sing to her crude, quaint songs full of love and longing.

Sometimes for hours they would sit in silence, communing with each other by means of that system of wireless telegraphy that lovers learn without knowing how or whence they acquire the art. Now and then he would take up his story in the dewy night, and then he would sing softly

"The white man's blood is pale and cold,
The red man's blood is red."

And she would answer

"A maiden cries when her lover cries,
A maiden sighs when her lover sighs,
And dies when her love is dead."

Presently, Lorine's father, being a good Catholic, and knowing Sabo to be a heretic, would empty a basin of cold well-water at the top of Sabo's spinal column. Then the lover would dismount and take himself home, softly cursing his sweetheart's sire.

But all things come to those who wait. Lorine's father died one day, and Sabo went to live with the widow.

They were happy for a week, at the end of which time Sabo and Lorine discovered that their religion did not track. Lorine, grieving for her father, sought the priest of her religion whither Sabo would not follow. He had always been a Protestant, but now, rather than compel the young woman to forsake her faith, he denied himself altogether and spent his Sundays with his back against a tree, blowing on his harp, or playing high-five with a band of bad young Indians down by the river.

When the widow grew weary of feeding Sabo, she told him so. Sabo made a shack on his own lot, which was still in its virgin state, and set up housekeeping.

Things went but little better here, for Sabo would only work when hunger compelled him to do so. When he could get liquor, he would drink and abuse the woman. Finally she went to the priest and asked to be freed from Sabo, but the priest hushed her.

A year dragged by, and then Sabo discovered that one Chipawa Charley was using his doorsill for a resting-place. As often as he went away to do a day's work, he would return to find Charley in the doorway leering at Lorine, and lying to her about a wild, fierce flame, which he said was consuming him inside. Of course, Charley's visits did not help poor Lorine, and one day when Sabo returned from bird-shooting, via the village, full of apple-jack and jealousy, he made trouble for the Chipawa. Charley heard him whoop as he hit the weed-grown trail that led from the wagon-road to the door of his shack, and darted out the back way. Sabo whipped around the corner of the cabin, and threw a charge of bird-shot into the Chipawa as he went over the back fence. From that day, Sabo and Chipawa Charley were deadly enemies. Charley, in addition to being a bad Injun, was a barber, and as he usually carried a part of his kit with him, he was hard to approach.

For many moons the Chipawa kept clear of Sabo's shack, but the indignity he suffered, saving nothing of the charge of bird-shot, weighted him down. He trapped constantly for Sabo. He persuaded the deputy-constable to join him in the information against Sabo for living, unbonded, with Lorine, for neither dreamed that the harpist had married the much-abused girl. But when they approached the magistrate, the latter, remembering the fee still due, waved them away.

"It's no use," said the constable. "People pay no attention to these things. Besides, you never know where a thing like that will end. Why, up, you'd break up half the homes on the reserve."

"You're feared of your job," said Charley.

"Am I? Look you," said the constable, catching the Chipawa by the arm and turning him until the two men faced each other. "Last night, when I was leaving your shop I met Sabo outside."

"What time is it?" says he.

"'Quarter to twelve,' says I, looking at my watch.

"Well?"

"Well! It was five minutes past midnight Saturday night—in was Sun-

a watch and a witness, you'd 'a' been up before this, an' there'd 'a' been such a howl up and down this Dominion as you never heard. Cuttin' out the marriage ceremony comes under the head of carelessness, but shaving a man after midnight on Saturday's a crime in Canada."

The Chipawa put out his hand in acknowledgment of what he owed the constable, and the latter accepted it in silence. That was, in a sense, Chipawa Charley's promise to pay.

Sabo did not improve with age, as wine will. Once more Lorine took her troubles to the parish priest. Her life was all but unbearable

"What is this thing they call divorce, father?" she asked. She wanted to loose Sabo and keep Little Bird, the baby boy.

The good man looked over his glasses into the troubled face of the unhappy Indian girl.

"Now, who tells you of this thing, my child?" he asked, speaking softly, slowly, musically, with just a hint of Irish in his accent.

"My sister—she got it, and now she is free free from the man who abused her, but has got her baby. O father, father, help me!" she cried, "for if Sabo finds me here on this business—"

"Stop!" said the priest.

Then in a gentle voice he told her that this thing of which she had spoken was an invention of the devil adopted by the Yankees

"It is only to be had beyond the border," he said, "that is, by the poor. Here in Canada it is only within reach of the very rich, but in any case it is an evil thing -put it out of your head, my child, put it out!"

So Lorine went back to her poor little home with only the memory of the good priest's quiet, kindly voice for her trouble

Gossip goes among the Indians and half-Indians at about the same gait as it goes among the whites and half-whites, and Sabo soon heard of Lorine's visit to the priest and of her desire to loose him. But the news had exactly the opposite effect of what Lorine had predicted. It caused him to think a thing unusual with him. When he compared Lorine to himself, he saw that she had fair excuse Then there was a boy Little Bird—he had not known till now how dear the little brown face was to him As he passed the cabin under whose window he had wooed and won the guileless girl, he harked back in his rough, awkward way to those short, cool summer nights There stood the old saw horse and yonder the wild crab-apple tree, whose blossoms, blown free by the breath of spring, showered down like drifting snow and lodged in Lorine's loosened hair.

So Sabo left the road, Little Bird came bounding out to meet him Catching his father's rough hand, he pulled Sabo down and whispered, "Chip-wa in 'ere."

Instantly all the gentleness went out, and the bitterness and hate of two races raged and rioted in the heart of the half-breed. He stopped short and examined the cap on the little old single-barreled muzzle-loading shot-gun.

"Voila!" he exclaimed in a low voice.

Then, putting the boy behind him, he tiptoed up to the cabin. The door stood open. Inside he could see the Chipawa standing behind Lorine. Both were facing the little window at the other end of the room

"Come," he was saying, "why do you stay with Sabo, the swine?"

"He is my husband"

"Huzz bon!" hissed the Chipawa. He is one pig -come, does the blackbird mate with the buzzard?"

"Leave me now," cried Lorine "Go, and come here never again"

"I will go," said the Chipawa "But you will come also you must you all."

Sabo saw him catch the woman in his arms, saw her struggle to free herself and leaping into the room he put the cold, hard muzzle of the gun against the back of the Chipawa's head

Lorine, turning, saw [illegible] between the two men [illegible] barrel, and placed the muzzle to her breast

Sabo smiled, Lorine let go, and he lowered the gun

Quick as lightning-flash, Charley whipped out a razor, flung the blade free, and sprang for Sabo.

Lorine leaped between them, and caught the full force of the blow. The Chipawa saw a faint white scratch along the white bone of her arm, laid open by the blade. Not a word had been spoken since Sabo entered, but now as he got his gun on the Chipawa again, he paused to ask Lorine if he should kill the wolf

"If he promise to come here never again," she said, "let him go."

The Chipawa promised, and went away

Sabo was binding up Lorine's arm. Little Bird was looking on in silence, and she was bearing the pain heroically.

Presently Sabo spoke

"You don't love Chipawa Charley?"

Lorine shook her head

"You love Sabo?"

"No," she said.

There was another pause, and then Sabo asked

"Who you love?" and Lorine's dark eyes turned to the boy

"Litle Bird, uh?"

Lorine nodded her head

' Sabo, too—me. I love Little Bird I go put Little Bird in big In'stute Sabo go work for Master In'stute, uh? You like go work for Misses In'stute, uh?"

Lorine smiled, nodded, and held out a hand to the boy. Little Bird came and stood where his father knelt by his mother's knee. He wound one arm about Sabo's neck, but leaned mostly on his mother

Kipling in the Last West

By John Muirhouse

"WHAT a glorious country it is!" exclaimed Rudyard Kipling in Toronto on his return from Western Canada. "I am going to bring my boy to the prairie provinces for part of his education. It would not be complete without a few years in that vast country of enormous possibilities"

He leaned forward from the red plush fauteuil eagerly, pressing the point home with intently knitted brow and keen eyes

"If houses and people and farms mean prosperity, then I should say that Canada is prosperous. I could imagine nothing better for a young man than to live in a country with such a future Such a difference from the time I saw it before! Then I saw it at rest. This time it was at work. All the farms were taken up as far as the eye could reach and there were so many growing centers of population I saw the harvesters at work on every side, and the smoke of the threshers backward and backward until there was just a little line on the horizon. The change is the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed"

Mr. Kipling believes in Western Canada. It is fifteen years since he last visited Canada, and even then he saw something of its possibilities. What it has done in that time to realize these possibilities. At Winnipeg he spoke of the marvelous change in conditions during that time.

"Fifteen years ago, almost to the [illegible], "I was in Winnipeg At that time the city was seriously considering wherewithal she should be paved . . . I left the city of Winni-

peg discussing that problem, chiefly in buggies that would not move in Main street; and I went away for fifteen years, which in the life of a nation is equivalent to about fifteen minutes in the life of a man. I come back, and I find the Winnipeg of to-day a metropolis. . . . The visions that your old men saw fifteen years ago I saw translated to-day into stone and brick and concrete The dreams that your young men dreamed I saw accepted as the ordinary facts of everyday life, and they will, in turn, give place to vaster and more far reaching imaginations. My admiration for this record of unsurpassed achievement is as keen as my envy . . . . But I find cause for a deeper appeal in other things than these I have realized here the existence of an assured nationhood, the spirit of a people contented not to be another people or the imitators of another people—contented to be themselves. This spirit, of course, existed fifteen years ago, but that spirit as I remember—and I have not forgotten some of my walks and talks in the city—then doubted a little. It found it necessary to explain. It waited a little to see what people thought of its position. I find no echo of that mood here to-day. I can feel by the men on the streets and see by a thousand signs that here is a people in their own land, whose heart-springs go down deep into the fabric, and who will be trustees for a nation. . . . One is forced back to the old words that you stand on the threshold of an unbelievable future."

Speaking of the construction of a railway to Dawson some one expressed an opinion that it was doubtful whether the country was fitted for settlement in the farther north. Mr. Kipling smiled

"Ah, that was what I heard of this part of Canada when I w ore I e fore," he said "I never beli now in t summary estimate 'the ."

Mr Kipling believes in imperialism as ardently as ever, and calls Canada the "eldest daughter in the association of British States."

"Her position," he says, "is equal in freedom to that of the motherland She has her own color of nationality and her own problems to solve She has her own peculiar environment and the spirit of her country is one which

Mr

immigration work being done in Canada and suggested further efforts in Great Britain. "You should have an office and an agent in every town in Britain and ships provided to fetch out the 5,000,000 surplus population from Britain. You can't keep the country to yourselves If we had sailing vessels and thirty-two pound smooth bores, you could, but you can't under modern conditions."

Rudyard Kipling is loved and honored perhaps more than any other English writer. For twenty years he has been writing verse and prose more keenly English than any other man Other men may be poets or dramatists or economists or novelists—Mr Kipling is an Englishman first of all, and this despite the fact that he was born in India and spent much of his life there He recognizes the comradeship and kinship of all white men whether they may live on the shores of any one of the Seven Seas and of this comradeship he writes. "To the last le of coral that none may re he has sung of the far-scattered of England and they love him

The Furnace

By Philip Payne

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE"

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been [illegible] by Mr Worth to join a small house party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ogilvay Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr Worth [illegible] Mr [illegible] Professor [illegible] a conceited pedant, and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes [illegible] rom. Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband, she asks him to drop his riball companions, she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to 'gang his ain gait.' Mrs Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much [illegible] little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr Worth [illegible] his invitations as minister of [illegible]. Jack Wytcherly returns to Chicago, sending back as a farewell [illegible] poem to Romaine which Mrs Eccleston recognizes as the original of the verses dedicated to Patrice by Professor Byram. By chance, Patrice discovers the Professor's plagiarism, exposes the trick, and discards him. Mr Worth sends Patrice away on a visit, and Professor Byram [illegible] Mr Worth who imposes his wife's outrageous attitude at the critical moment in order that he may present Romaine as his mistress, convinced that this will secure him the admiration of the New Yorkers. Romaine realizes this and tries to use it as a lever to secure Mr Worth's aid in getting a divorce from Mark. Mr Worth declines on "moral grounds," and threatens to discharge Wytcherly if Romaine does not give him up.

CHAPTER [illegible]

A MOMENT [illegible] affected to despise as an attribute [illegible] it is attested by a series. An isolated deed, if it be born of impulse, may be followed by its opposite within the hour whereas morality even of an [illegible] no principle co-ordinated his successive acts into a moral sequence, so no unity of method or dominating law of mind corelated his perception into artful [illegible] stiff opinion that he was not impenetrable to light.

Jack Wytcherly might be a charming personality and a scintillating talent; but he was accused neither by his own worst enemy nor by his dearest friend of consistency in anything, in genius or in humour, in good behaviour or in [illegible]

Pictures, pictures, troops of pictures filled the galleries of his brain. pictures printed by his eager senses upon the dry plates of his memory. pictures [illegible]

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riches he had garnered from the world, and he cherished them as his own peculiar treasures. But as he limned them first, he left them to remain—a thousand studies of a rare impressionist, who in no instance ever attained to even conscientious art.

What he had brought home with him from up the lake he valued as the richest of his plunderings, as his pearl of cost, ravished from experience, filched from life. For it he contrived a sacred shrine within the holiest recesses of his soul. And therein he set up a high altar, before which sometimes, it may be conceived, he prayed

But that cold faculty, residing at the core of his emotions, recognized the inclination of his worship to become abstract. For to a spirit, such as Wytcherly, not the breathing beauty, but the ideal of beauty, its quintessence, is precious finally.

Yet his pity still was green. And the image of that faithful woman in the little cottage in the North haunted him as does the ghost of a too exacting grief. He was incapable of sheer brutality—he did what he could For awhile he sent her letters without fail, letters in which he expressed some measure of the miracle she was to him.

In truth he idolized her. He was far more tender than a loyal lover could have been. He agonized over her predicament; he divined all that she had suffered; he would have given worlds to end her woe, to make her happiness.

But he was precluded from delusion. He could not help her, could not cure her sorrow. He had enough to do to manage the responsibilities he had; there were the children, to whom his toil was mortgaged. Dear tots, they must be fed and clothed and sheltered, and he must see them educated and fairly started on the road. Nor did he shrink from the task, although he accurately foresaw the tyranny his lifelong service must become. In fact, he grew daily fonder of the children. Their little arms about his neck framed the only yoke to whichthe had ever bowed. No, to employ his own phrase, he was no longer "foot-loose", he must "make good."

He feared the children's mother with a prophetic fear. She was an industrious creature, fretful, of an inveterately utilitarian disposition. She accepted him as a breadwinner, but suspected his reliability in the role The very evening of his return she had used to recount her offspring's pressing needs, and downcast Wytcherly had realized he could never hope to earn sufficient money to meet her progeny's deserts.

He sauntered on the esplanade of the Lake Shore Drive of a Saturday afternoon. The air moved in slowly from the cerulean lake and the lordly sun dipped westward into an amber bath.

The view of the lake and sky, of mansions rising above the screen of greenery, of people loitering upon the serpentine gray promenade, of carriages and motor cars moving briskly on the hard brown road,—afforded evidence of a varied world.

As Wytcherly beheld this scene, its interest, its flow, it must be confessed he grew not unresigned. Her last letter was folded upon his heart, its pages stained by tears he had not been ashamed to shed. But what could he do but acquiesce in her renunciation, however conscious of the noble beauty of its terms.

What could he do, although he could repeat the words her pen had written: "I cannot ruin your success You have already suffered enough in your past life for all eternity. I dreamed of helping you to ascend the heights; I would only burden you and keep you in the plains. Desolate as is my lot without you, grieve as I must, believe me, you have ennobled my poor self You are the rythm of my soul. And I bless the fortune which brought you to me even for so brief a time."

Nevertheless, inextinguishable as was the beauty of her sacrifice, he could concede that one might weary of much poetry, might find excessive an intensity too strained. Not until his re-awakening in the city to the hundred charms and claims of complex life, did he realize how narrowly on the island passion had imprisoned him.

Themselves had circumscribed them in their love, their egos had monopolized the stage, their dialogue had been the only language heard.

True, she had proved an adept in the histrionic presentation of her own subjectivity, and she had discovered the importance of his woes. But he could at least be glad that the continued melodrama of their loves never would excite him to irritation in her presence, that his inattention to her declamation would never wound her cruelly.

She was a hedonist—by accident he had lately happened on the word. Beautiful in her own right, and beautiful again by right of love, the way to keep her the supremest beauty he had found, was to lose her, to let her go. Thus she would escape "the havoc of the years," would avoid the detriment of habit, would remain forever lovely, young, divine

...J. Sterling Worth, dynamic little man, seated before his enormous desk resembled a diminutive musician at the keyboard of some huge organ. And at that desk he was as much master of his vast establishment as the musician is master of his instrument. Reports poured into him, directions flowed out. By telephone, by messenger, by word of mouth his will was distributed like electric power to the farthest corners, to the meanest clerk

It was a prodigious talent the man possessed An infallible adding machine, a patent time-clock was his brain It fed upon details as a flouring mill on infinite particles of wheat. It registered the work done from week to week. It bought most cheaply, sold in the shortest possible time at the most advisable profit -this process it had repeated some million times and would continue a million more

This conception of Mr Worth, it is fair to state, was Wytcherly's and if it furnished a theory of the merchant's mentality, characteristically it ignored the point of character—persistent will, initiative power, unfailing courage—which rendered his administrative faculties effectual.

He did not look up as Wytcherly entered. "Sit down," he bade, "I sent for you to have a little talk."

Wytcherly complied. Presently his employer asked: "How are the children? Mrs. Worth is interested in them. In fact she insists you must be kept on the payroll for the children's sakes. Our women," with a sigh, "are pretty expensive with their charities, very expensive indeed."

The children's shoes bothered Wytcherly—he hoped he would not be discharged until he had paid for them "The children call Mrs. Worth their fairy godmother," he explained placatingly to the breakfast food magnate. "She has sent them toys and candies I don't know how many times."

"That's nice, that's nice," repeated Mr. Worth, gazing fixedly at the papers on his desk "It makes me reluctant to disturb the arrangements all around."

"They are very pleasant as they are," testified Wytcherly.

"But I may be forced to," said the merchant suddenly. "I have never tolerated in my employment anyone whose life was not strictly respectable A public scandal hurts the firm, and besides I object on a moral principle to harbouring immorality."

Those children's shoes induced Wytcherly to suppress his natural emotions

"Well, since I have been with you I've been eminently respectable, Mr. Worth and I see no reason to prevent me from remaining so"

"You can assure me of that fact?" the merchant gravely asked

"I think I can," said Wytcherly.

Mr. Worth, wheeling his chair, touched his salaried man genially upon the knee "Let us have a social moment, Jack" he proposed. "I've not seen you to speak intimately since you returned. Hear from our friend Mrs Eccleston, do you?"

"I have had one or two letters," Wytcherly answered lightly. "But where there's but a transitory interest, a woman's correspondence ceases pretty soon. I never was a zealous letter-writer myself, and I imagine your Mrs. Eccleston needs presence

on the spot to keep her interest alive."

"I believe you're right," nodded Mr. Worth. "She made you a feature of her summer, there's no denying that. But when you were gone, she threw herself heart and soul into my dinner to Mr. Braddock and his party. She presided in the place of Mrs. Worth and made a tremendous hit with the New Yorkers. Now she is completely absorbed with a visit East she plans this winter."

"She certainly is a brilliant woman," remarked Wytcherly, "and I was lucky to secure her transitory interest for a few weeks. What has become of the rest of the party?"

"Well, Patrice, our Patrice, is engaged to George Morton, the Equitable Bank Mortons you know. Mrs. Worth and I thought for awhile she would take the Professor, Professor Byram of the University; but she didn't, it seems."

"I'll not waste sympathy over the able young professor's failure," Wytcherly said, smilingly.

"Yes, I know you don't appreciate him," said Mr. Worth; "he told me that you didn't himself. For my part I regard Professor Byram as sure to succeed."

"Oh, he has the talent to arrive, as the French say, even if he is unable to arrive by talent," remarked the flippant Wytcherly.

"You're wrong there," protested Mr. Worth. "Professor Byram has original ability. He has just sent me a printed notice of his lecture on great American successes. He maintains that the creative business men of our time deserve to rank in ability with the creative statesmen like Bismarck and Richelieu. I don't think he's so far wrong there. I have sent him my congratulations, and when I see the president, I'll let him know that he has a very able young man in his University."

As Wytcherly arose to leave, Mr. Worth detained him. "By the by, Wytcherly I've given instructions—twenty-five dollars will be added to your salary next month. And let me take this opportunity to say a word. You are getting on in life and it behooves you to be systematic. You want to watch every cent, keep a ledger and jot down every item, so that you will know just how much comes in and for what it goes. That method I inaugurated long before I reached your age, and to the practice as much as anything I attribute my success. That's all good day."

The salaried man walked out of his master's presence, feeling generally depressed, but specifically relieved. "Twenty-five," he repeated to himself "twenty-five! How dirt cheap a man sells out, when he is once assured how unimportant to the world his best is! But the children anyhow can go to school in proper shoes."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

PRESSURE

Agnes informed her mistress that she was going to the city with Mrs Worth for the winter.

"What day do you leave?"

"Yes ma'am, at the end of the week I wouldn't ever want to quit such a kind, lovely lady as you, but I guess I won't ever get a chance like this again Yes ma'am."

"You must go, Agnes. I would not allow you to stay, for I never can give you what Mrs. Worth will."

"Yes ma'am but if Mr. Wytcherly comes up?"

"It is decided that he will not,child."

Agnes ventured a word of cheer "Yes ma'am, when I get to the city, I'll happen to see him, and I'll drop a line to you how he looks."

Mrs. Eccleston smiled. "Chicago's not a village, Agnes, you are not likely to cross him there."

So she was left alone—alone with a woman's memory with grief, rebellion, with passion unassuaged She feared to face the meaning of it all at once She strove to evade the burden of it for a time

She conceived a horror of physical inaction, and in obedience to that horror was as if driven forth by a demon with whips to walk mile upon mile at desperate speed, to row frantically for leagues along the shore, to strain

her muscles to the last degree, to consume her strength, so that with the coming of night she might sleep as the dead sleep, suffering no dreams

Yet, strive as she might to attain fatigue, moments sometimes caught her shuddering in fear of what had overtaken her, of the grisly Terror which peered into her eyes

Once, standing in the gallery at eventide, she was visited by an hallucination that, sweet as it was, shook her judgment more than had any fear

Palpable, distinct she saw his form—confirmed by every trait she knew so well. The slight figure and the boyish height; the grey Irish eyes; the perversely tender mouth; the low-arched forehead, farther lowered by the falling wisp of grey-black hair, the bitterly beautiful, fascinatingly ugly, wistfully childish, petulantly aged face, its changefulness, its intensity and all the softness she had seen it show. She reached forth to clasp the vision in her arms. Rapture blinded her: she swooned

Recovering, she found she had but embraced a pillar of the porch, and was gazing blankly out upon an empty, darkened lake.

Her soul within her mourned. No, she would not see him, nevermore He would not call again to her windows from his boat, or walk with her upon the beach, or search the pines, or range the cliffs. He would not dig in the garden with her hoe, or shell the peas upon the kitchen steps; he would not lie before the hearth and feed to the fire resinous knots. He would never do again those pleasant things, never come to her, never speak, nor kiss her hand, nor touch her hair, nor look into her eyes.

There floated through her mind confusedly Lesbian Sappho's fragmentary verse—about the pleasant laughter echoing in Mitylene's streets, and, within, the lovely chamber, across whose threshold his dear shadow would not fall again

She beheld from the gallery on a clear morning the pinnacle over the East Tower looming high above the trees and the Castle's great mass And she experienced an irresistible desire to ascend to that height and breathe the encircling air. She fain would get above the earth and its humanity; she fain would climb out of her own wretchedness and stand serene upon that aerial plane

So she set forth. The Worths and their establishment had removed to town, but the Castle still was open. A few servants remained to complete the storing, and some workmen had arrived to shutter windows and seal doors

She gained the top. Ascending in the hollow of the Tower, she had yearned for wings and half expected that they might be given her. Upon pinions such as Mercury's she could vault into the upper air, and sweeping heavenward quit sordid trials and wasting passion. 'Twas the only pleasure she could tolerate, she felt.

Once upon the battlements, instead of the relief for which she had hoped, there came suddenly sharp remembrance of humiliation and of what she knew now had been insult Within the nearby banquet hall, whose columns glistened, she had paid the price, she had bartered shame for love, and now was being cheated out of her reward

Around about the circle of the battlements she trod, a maddening rage within her heart, an awful weariness within her brain. As a caged animal repeats with precision his limited steps, so she in a fierce mechanism repeated with exactness the circuit of the Tower. And always at a certain point she halted to peer across the edge in the same manner and for the same number of seconds. And as she peered, she shook her head muttering: "Four hundred feet down—that and some inches Mr Worth said."—

"Whatever are you staring at Romaine, as if it had you hypnotiz

She started; and bent her brows repellingly —"You, Mark!"

"Even me," smirked Mark, and swaggered from the doorway upon the open space.

Narrowly she scrutinized the returned miscreant, from his round hat to his varnished shoes. The familiar characteristics were visible, and some new indications also, Had she become more spiritual, or was Mark coarsened? Evidently the fare upon the Sea Fox had been rich, and Mark had stinted none of his appetites. The swellings underneath his eyes had grown more puffy, and his lower chin wore a bloated look

"How came you to be here?" she asked indifferently

"Oh, I," he laughed—it was peculiarly Mark's laugh, infectious laughter many found it—"I was sent up by old Worth."

"The firm?—For what, pray?—And you arrived just now?" Her eyes were hostile.

Mark renewed his swagger—if it may be said a gentleman can swagger. "This morning. I came up after you. Old man Worth dispatched me to fetch you home."

Two vivid spots appeared in her cheeks. "Mark, speak truth!" she bade

"I am; it's God's own truth," he answered. And his appreciation of the drollness of the truth was expressed in what approached a leer. He supplied the truth's credibility. "Arrived this morning, some directions for the workmen, and so stopped off here first. Intended to drop down on you at the cottage this afternoon."

She felt stricken and incompetent. The world, it was so plain, meant to be too strong—its forces would control

"We will go home together," stated Mark, as jauntily as if he were not broaching revolution —"To-morrow, if you think you can get closed up in time The old man will worry until we're both back safe in Chicago—somehow he's got all worked up about our moral welfare. Read me a lecture, regular matrimonial ten commandments—said the wife's place was by her husband's side, and danger always threatened, when they were apart any length of time."

Mark paused to cock his head a little to one side, and smilingly to regard his helpmate. "I'll be hanged if I understand what is his game. Do you think you do?"

"But I thought," she blundered, "that he was determined to send you to Japan." Mrs Eccleston was never shrewd—how then expect wisdom of her in surprise!

"Oh, ho! I thought there was collusion!" he retorted. "Then old Worth and you did understand one another, even if you do not now?" Did menace point the interrogation of his tone?

She faced him boldly. "Mark, I'll not submit to base insinuations—not from *you!*"

The contempt stung him. "By God," he exclaimed—it was the first oath he had ever used to her—"you're no woman to give yourself airs!"

Her head drooped

And he cooled He even had the grace to feel a bit ashamed although he felt that right was ranged with him

Cooling, he realized, moreover, that a satirization of her error rather than self-indulgence in anger would yield the sweeter vengeance.

He commenced humorously, "However, don't let that trouble you a little bit. As the Irishman observed about the constitution between friends, what's a little matter like old Worth between a man and wife?" He advanced "So step up Romaine, and give your lord and master a kiss!"

She recoiled—her eyes dilating, her body shuddering. "Don't, Mark!" she prayed.

"Why not?" cried Mark. "Who has a better right, I'd like to know?" He seized the arm raised to defend herself from him

"Don't!" she gasped

"I will," he vowed and grasped her waist. "Aren't you my wife? Haven't I my rights? You've fooled and held me off too long

"You beast!" she said

The epithet exploded in his face; he felt it as a blow. As she escaped, he stepped back staring. "Why do you say that?" He seemed cut to the heart. "I never showed that side to

The old contrition on his account gripped her again. "I'm sorry, Mark, but—but—you mustn't be so masculine."

"I was never that to you," he muttered, "whatever I have been outside." The injustice as it rankled made him scowl. "You had every liberty, any friend you chose, and I never asked a question, never interfered."

"I know, Mark."

"I treated you as my superior a thousand times, and I believed you were. What have you done for me? Given your contempt, which I endured because it was my due, I thought. But now—there's more—what I'll not stand. You have compromised my name."

"Not yet," she answered, fronting steadily his gathering fury. Her face had gone white.

Mark gasped—an instant—then specified concretely her offense, his own betrayal. "They say so in Chicago; it's all over the store. They say old Worth displayed you for his mistress to those New York men."

She was not confounded—to his astonishment. She appeared contrite, but the contrition had no savour of repentance that he perceived. "I know," she said, "I placed myself in a false position, as I recognized too late. It was the same old story of my confidence in another, Mark. You know how I've always been—there is no politer word for it—an ass. I trusted in the honor—in the honor of that clerk."

Her candour was entire. "I don't wonder; indeed, I don't blame you, Mark. I suppose it would be strange if you were not exasperated." A hopeless, frantic gesture; "Bear in mind -you always must—your wife's a fool; she always was, she will be to the last."

Mark must smirk a trifle—her dilemma was so wholly characteristic, it seemed to him. "Never mind, Romaine. I didn't think you guilty—at the worst I concluded you had only been used by that little white rat in one of his pet schemes." Grimmingly he added: "but you got the reputation sure enough; you might as well have had the fun."

She scarcely noted the remark—a new consequence had occured to her. Anxiously: "You heard it at the store. Then Mr. Wytcherly must have heard it too."

Mark leaped—his face distorted, his eyes afire. "Damn Wytcherly!"

Her disdain poured on him from a height.

He clenched his fists, and danced ridiculously, and swore.

"Is it true?—Tell me, is it true?"

She wondered if he meant to strike her.

"What is true?" she asked.

"What Worth hinted, that—that you love that damned rhyming dog, that you planned to run away with him."

"Very nearly true," she said.

Mark staggered, cowered. Mutely his despairing eyes implored a contradiction from his wife. He shivered, and she saw that he was old. "I would not have believed it of you, Romaine." It was half a moan.

"I'm sorry, Mark," she stated with sincerity. After a pause: "But I am human. I am a woman. And I was weary remaining the immaculate saint whom you in the sentimentalism of your cups might remorsefully invoke."

The eyes that answered her were red. "If I got left," the chagrined male snarled, "you're getting left yourself, you bet. Last week in State street I saw your beloved Wytcherly in company with your this summer's maid. She was blushing at his words and he was feeding on her glowing face." A coarse chuckle completed Mark's revenge.

Her knees swayed under her, and she closed her eyes to hide their anguish. Mark watched.

Presently he spoke, with firmness, yet with a new kindness. "We will have a fresh understanding from now on. We will begin all over again. Letting you do as you choose will not work, you see: you've pitched into some nasty holes."

"Oh, I know I have."

"I intend to assert myself from this day forth. You are my wife, and hereafter you will do your duty as my wife, or I'll know the reason why. We're going to cut moonshine and damned nonsense out — we'll get down to earth."

"I'm—I'm going home."

"Do. I'll follow about six o'clock It will take all afternoon for me to finish up here for old Worth. Have a jolly good dinner ready—I'll bring a couple of bottles from the Castle store. We'll stay tonight at Idlenesse, and tomorrow see whether we can't pack up and get off for old Chicago"

He patted his wife upon the back. "Cheer up, old girl! We two old married people will be happy yet."

"You're dreaming, Mark," she said, as she quit the battlements.

CHAPTER LAST

ESCAPE

Three o'clock had struck by the time Mrs. Eccleston reached Idlenesse.

She went about the cottage setting things in order. She worked steadily through task after task. Each, as she disposed of it, assumed a high significance, because she felt that she was done with it forever. Her duster, as she laid it down, looked dear; the dishes, which she polished, were acquaintances; the broom, with which she swept a floor, seemed companionable.—Would they miss her, one and all?—would they grieve? she sentimentalized

She examined next her intimate possessions. She rifled a writing-desk of its store of years, uncovering old accounts and yellow letters, a few verses she had once composed, some little songs that she had made. Without exemption she burned them one by one, holding lighted matches to the corners and feeding pages singly to the blaze. The journal she had kept when she was young, when her moods had not been passions but experiments, she tore out sheet by sheet

Seated in her great-grandmother's stately straight-backed chair, one listless hand dropping fresh fuel upon the embers of what had been burned, her eyes fixed themselves in a stare of consideration

"Waste, or a great mercy, which is it?" she mused. "Which, that our lives dissolve and the record of them fails? The intimate experience of *me*, how superlatively important, how poignant inexpressibly, to *me!* The envelopes of society and city, of history and material stuff, afford mere opposition, which serves to engender realization on my part of my own consequence and character.

"Yet the soul's intimate experience is uncommunicable, is wasted seemingly, escapes even the ability of the pen to record. The intimate experience exercises no influence on events, contributes nothing to affairs, has indeed no business on the stage. What then is it for? Why does it strike each one of us as so significant?—Can it be of moment after death—is it all we carry with us over that dark brink?"

—She searched the pockets of her clothes. "Mark will rummage in them first of all," she thought "But I will thwart both him and his kind. They shall not poke profanely to convict me of intentions Let them surmise according to their vulgar understandings—they shall never surely know."

She walked from room to room, making mentally an inventory.—"Are you not mine, all mine," she asked, "my sticks and stones, my things? Do you not illustrate my tastes, reveal my habits—are you not the intimate mould of me? Think you I can leave you to be handled, scheduled, sold, as so much upholstery, so much bric-a-brac? Nay, do not fear it, dears."

She stroked a table with her palm "O satin one, will you be auctioned off to ornament some rising clerk's prim parlour?"

She scrutinized a painting. "Subtle miracle of tones, could you endure to hang between two outrages up on an alien wall?"

She bowed low before the sideboard. "Will it consort with your honorable

antiquity to serve in gaudy palaces the newly rich?''

She swept a proud glance around. ''No, no more than mine own body shall you be debased!'' she vowed.

* * *

When she had finished the arrangement of what she had determined, she went into the gallery, locking the door behind her.

There while she lingered—reluctant at the last, –a sob broke in her breast. ''Oh, how sadly happy here might I have been for years, but for the sweet and strange and terrible affliction which I would not lose.''

She smiled. ''Queer human nature. Once I heard of a man who felt homesick when he left his Pullman berth. So I am loath to leave the prison which oppresses me.''

* * *

Her oars by now had brought the boat clear of the extreme headlands and she was far from land A clear sunset was ending the fair day. No wisp of cloud or shred of vapour tarnished the sky. As a living god the sun in naked splendour shone Blue and violet the rays from his face, uncombined with any crimson beat, darted radiants of pure light, which like ceaseless flights of arrows flashed across the flickering lake to gleam in dazzling gold upon the myriad panes of the tall Castle, breaking against the glass as phosphorescent seas upon diamond cliffs

The mere beauty of the scene, however, she scacely noted Her eyes dwelt instead upon two spots only of the long array of shore. Over one a thickening cloud was whirling—smoke of fired Idlenesse The other—a white patch——represented the sheer face of a cliff.

Sight of the smoke, which was tongued now by flame, filled her with exultance for her deed. Glimpse of the rock blinded her eyes with tears ''O heart of woman, woman's heart,'' she moaned, ''both anciently and now the same, in Sappho of the Isles, in the Ojibway princess of this coast, the heart that aches in me!''

* * *

—Miles out upon the pulsing bosom of the lake, the last light glimmering. The heavy oars, ere this had fallen from her tired hands and her listless body was swaying with the motion of the boat

—A cold breath fanned her cheek and she was grateful for its touch In bursts, each burst grown stronger colder, the north wind blew. It whipped her skin with stinging drops, it roused her blood, it made her keen to dare, defy. And as a long wave flung the boat half over, in a sudden pang of thankfulness she realized that she and the Inevitable had closed

She gained her feet, for a moment mastering the pitching craft as a rider the wild horse that is to throw him. And in that great instant, as the wind broke the bondage of her hair and it streamed wide, much was vouchsafed.—Such as the high assurance that through her own imperious will she had escaped dishonor, and the relinquishment of that exaltation to which by love she had attained.

Her divination surpassed possibly that of those who die in sickness or in passion. She eagerly met death For Life and Death, it was revealed, are as two pages of one sheet, whose first, being read, inspires wishes for the second.

Thus informed, she asked who, if he might, would avoid Death, or, if he could, deprive himself of that rich hope. Lo, Death, as a feudal king, held all the honours in his hand; his scourge lashed men into some nobility; his dread subdued in part the Beast, his instigation accounted for the theory of the Soul'

THE END.

My Little Son

By Dorothy Green

MY little son, my little son
Lies in my arms at rest;
His baby fingers clasp me close,
His cheek to mine is pressed.

Oh, prophet-love of motherhood
That scans the years unborn
And sees the noon-day triumph-glow
At first faint flush of morn!

With eyes grown dim I gaze afar,
And dream of days to be—
My little son, my little son,
Heart o' the world to me!

* * * * *

I hear the roll of summoning drums,
The tramp of ordered feet;
A sound of cheering grows apace
Along the narrow street.

One rides before the serried ranks,
For whom they cheer again
His eager eyes flash keen, his hand
Impatient shakes the rein.

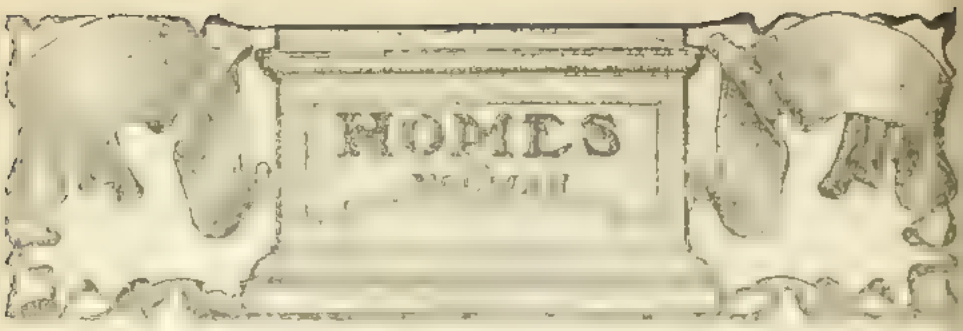
He does not hear my broken cry;
Through tears I dimly see
A stranger son, a bearded son,
No longer mine to me.

* * * * *

The crimson sunset burns the west,
And dark against the glow
Across the plain a cortege moves
Relentlessly and slow.

Victor, yet vanquished from the fight
They bear him to my door.,
Their faces fade; I only see
The form that moves no more.

With passionate tears I clasp him close
And bitter memories flee.
My little son, my little son,
Comes back at last to me!



THE gambrel roof lends itself to particularly artistic treatment, and the house illustrated in this issue which may be built anywhere in Western Canada for $4,000, is 'most picturesque and practical. The front entrance is graceful and attractive, the verandah being of the correct proportion and the front door of modern and pleasing detail.

The arrangement of the rooms is harmonious and has a quiet dignity that appeals to people of good taste. After passing through the vestibule, the visitor finds himself in a large reception hall which has a fireplace and hearth, beamed ceiling, and a pleasant vista of staircase, parlor and dining-room beyond. In the reception hall there is a alcove affording room for a hall stand where coats and wraps may be disposed Access may be gained to all rooms from this hall. This is an especially convenient feature for numerous reasons. The hall is treated with burlap, plain dark woodwork, and stucco plastering. This, together with the fire-place, gives a very homelike impression.

The parlor may be finished in enamel effectively, and a bay window may be built in the front of the room with good effect

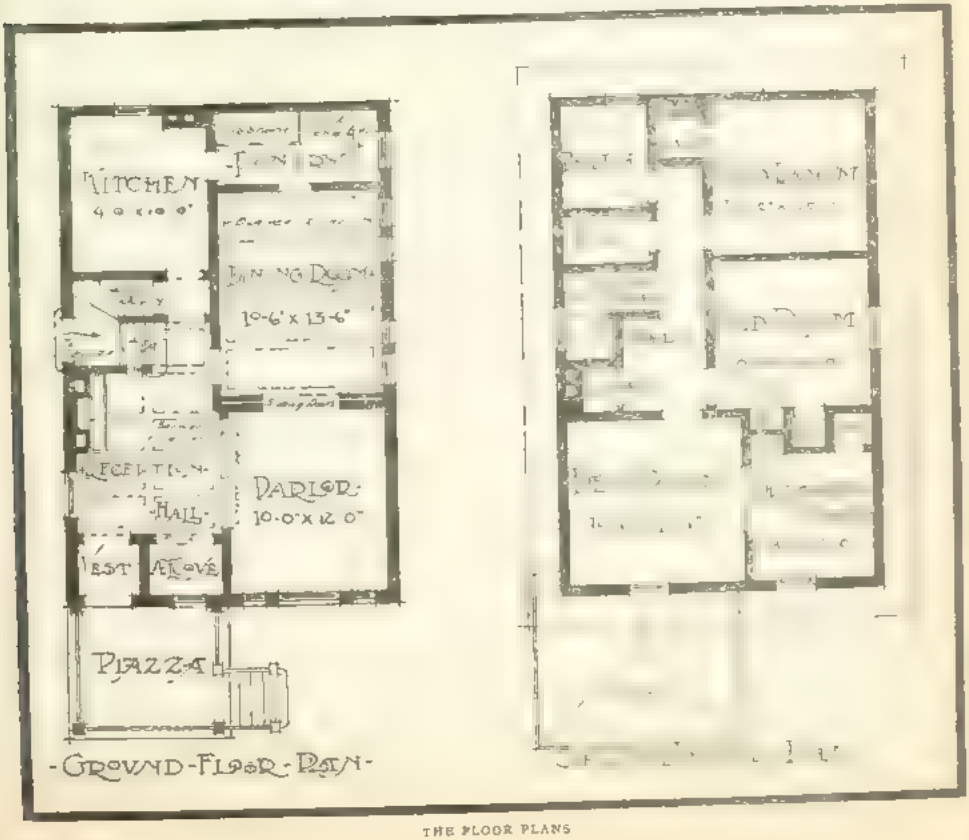
The dining-room is treated similarly to the hall. This is a very pleasant room, the window arrangement being especially effective. As shown in the perspective,the windows at the extreme ends of the room are long, and the inner windows are shorter. This design admits of a buffet being placd in the center of the space between these windows so that the light will fall directly on the service and other articles displayed on the shelves. Of necessity, the plate-rail is placed quite high, and may be treated as a sort of cornice for the room. With a refined and quiet color of burlap in connection with simple dark woodwork, and artistic china, this room should be very harmonious and artistic in appearance

The kitchen and pantry arrangements are ideal, making the labor of housekeeping as light as possible Attention should be especially drawn to the stair from the rear hall to the basement. It will be noted that the house has what is called a "grade entrance." This term means that the entrance steps at this point are all inside the building, and are used for the dual purpose of giving access to the side entrance door and to the basement, so it will be seen that there are two stairs in one. This arrangement allows tradesmen to deposit vegetables, fuel, and so forth,directly into their respective bins in the cellar without walking through the kitchen. Any housekeeper will appreciate the convenience of such a scheme. The basement is fitted with all modern appliances.

The second floor has three large bed rooms with clothes closets in each. The front chamber and the one adjoining have basins with hot and cold water connections. The front room has also a dressing-room which may be arranged with a door into the hall, if it is preferred, thus making another chamber available. The bath and toilet are separate, and the hall is large and airy.

The whole house, exterior and interior, is carefully designed to meet the requirements of good taste and convenience, and will be found to present a pleasant and artistic effect

A NEAT LOW PRICED HOME



THE FLOOR PLANS

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

A WORD OF GREETING

THIS is the first number of our second year. It isn't anywhere around December twenty-fifth, so we can't say "Merry Christmas" but we aren't going to be cheated out of greeting the readers of the CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE with a "Happy New Year," at least. So we say:

"Here's luck for another twelve months, and here's to a closer friendship!"

OUR NEW SERIAL

IN the course of the next few months, after the completion of "The Furnace," we shall begin a new story, "The Homesteaders" by Mrs. Jessie Beckton. The story is peculiarly Canadian in its interest, bright and attractive in its style, and vividly illustrative of the experiences of a refined young English girl who homesteads with her two brothers on the great prairies of the Northwest.

The three young people, fresh from an English county, found that Canadian prairie life was a distinctly new problem to them, but instead of complaining they broke ground and made the best of everything. To be sure, they had their amusing experiences. Joan went out to watch her brothers breaking the sod with their yoke of oxen, "but after the first day I fled, as Peter apologetically explained that it was quite impossible to learn ploughing with oxen and keep a guard over tongue and temper at the same time." She had her own troubles with the house-work and cooking, but by the time of the first snow-flurry, they were snugly housed, and the store-room was the pride of the English girl's housewifely heart.

The delicate thread of a love-story between Joan and the young Englishman on the next section runs through the account of how the three made a success of their hundred and sixty acres, and altogether it is an intimate and charming book.

But Mrs. Beckton in her home at Canterbury, England, had a purpose other than that of amusing her readers when she wrote "The Homesteaders." We quote the following from a recent letter from her: "I am much interested in the often discussed [illegible] emigration, and I always [illegible] very unwise and unfair to the Northwest to publish nothing but the glowing, prosperous side of the picture. I was a pioneer myself, being taken to the West by my father, Captain Pierce, in 'fifty-two, and know only too well all the drawbacks as well as the better part. I have a big warm place in my heart for the beautiful prairie lands, and cannot bear to hear the libels cast upon them by those who go out expecting too much, and return disheartened to give the country a bad name. It was this that made me write 'The Homesteaders,' to show how much might be done, in spite of the drawbacks."

Whether you have homesteaded in the Last West or not, the story will hold you and delight you with its

simplicity, directness, and wholesomeness. Every one of the people in it is worth knowing—every one is a thoroughbred, clean and straight and fine. It is a splendid tale, and we are happy to announce its appearance soon in the columns of the CANADA-WEST Magazine.

A QUESTION OF SOULS

THAT uncertain thing we call our soul has always been a puzzle to man. Like a youngster fooling with the works of the family clock, we pull first one weight of our mechanism and then another, sure of our ability to rearrange matters eventually, and not until too late do we discover that the whole system has gone irreparably wrong.

Long ago Lafcadio Hearn, that curious philosopher, wrote to his friend, Dr. Gould, "That I should cease to make a shadow some day seems quite natural, because Hearney-boy is only a bubble, anyhow ('The earth hath bubbles') but you, hating mysteries, and seeing and feeling and knowing everything, you have no right ever to die at all. And I can't help doubting whether you will. You have almost made me believe what you do not believe yourself—that there are souls. I haven't any, I know; but I think you have—something electrical and luminous inside you that will walk about and see things always. Are you really—what I see of you—only an Envelope of something subtler and perpetual?"

Douglas Macleod is a characteristic example of this type of arch-dreamer. Given to self-analysis and self-expression, such people become sensitized to the slightest flutter and subtlest vagary of the delicate Something within them; experimenters by nature, they cannot resist the temptation to investigate still a little further; and usually they end as Douglas Macleod ended—at the railway crossing.

It is a searching study—Miss Campbell's "The Masterpiece"—a "No Trespassing sign" on the Tree of Knowledge, a warning to the experimental young fellow who is curious to try just a bite of the apple, to play with the fates for a moment, to slip under the veil through which we may not see. We count ourselves fortunate to have secured "The Masterpiece" for the columns of the CANADA-WEST. It will be concluded in the next number.

OMITTED THIS MONTH

WE regret that in this month's number there is no installment of Miss E. Cora Hind's "A Paternal Corporation." We have been illustrating these articles quite fully with photographs, and this month the plates were not completed in time to run with the story. Next month we shall continue the series.

A GOOD LAUGH COMING

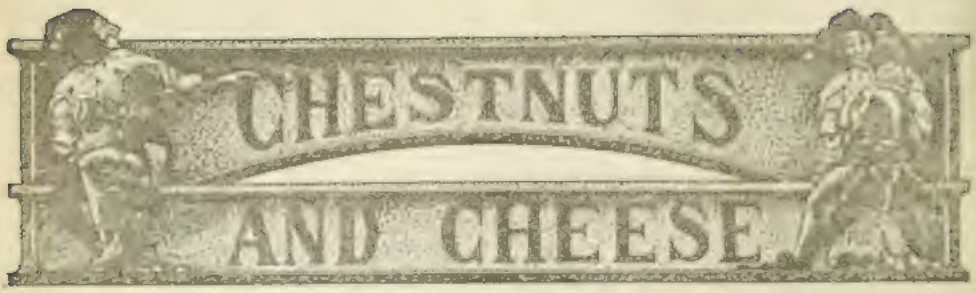
"THE Tune the Old Cow Died On"—it's a good teasing title, isn't it? It's Irish, too, if anything further were needed to coax along your interest, and a love-storey besides to finish you entirely.

And then it's written by Billee Glynn—engaging Billee Glynn who has made you laugh scores of times—and it's in his best vein. Oh, it's a rollicking good story. If you don't laugh before you've finished the second paragraph, we'll stake our professional reputation that you've a case of lockjaw or ingrowing gravity.

Don't you want to know right now what kind of a tune it was that the cow came to grief with—and how the girl looked—and who was the man in the case? Oh well, we'll tell you this much; that the lover watched pretty Fanny Donovan at her milking every evening for two years before he dared to put the inevitable question—and after all, it was the cow that settled the quandary.

Now you will be good and wait for the number when it comes out?

The Editor.



FROM THE HALL BEDROOM

I HATE to seek my folding bed,
Because I have been told
That many little sleeping lambs
Are gathered in the fold.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

A WOMAN entered a men's furnishing store, with the usual embarrassed expression, and asked to look at some trousers for her husband.

"Yes madam, certainly," responded the clerk. "What size does he wear?"

"I—I don't exactly know," hesitated the woman, "but," cheering up, "he wears a sixteen collar."

SHIRTWAIST BOYS

THERE are two downcast Willies in Peanut street this morning," said the stenographer to the book-keeper in a Winnipeg office the other day. "They have been flirting with each other for a week from the windows of adjoining office buildings. In their pink shirts each thought the other was a girl."

A PARDONABLE FAULT

MR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, discussing a rather finicky attack that had been made on certain recent statements smiled and said:

"But who or what is blameless? It is like the case of the Scottish hen.

"'An old Scottish woman wished to sell a hen to a neighbor.

"'But tell me,' the neighbor said, 'is she a'thegether a guid bird? Has she got nae fauts, nae fauts at all?'

"'Aweel, Margot,' the other old woman admitted, 'she has got one faut. She will lay on the Lord's day.'"

ALL WITH HAM

THEY tell a story of an old Yorkshire woman who attended a funeral in a neighboring village, and on her return talked it over with her neighbor.

"Well, Nancy, I hear you wor at the funeral," said the neighbor.

"Yes, I wor," Nancy replied.

"What kind of a funeral wor it?" asked the friend.

Nancy sniffed.

"Why, it wor a very mean affair nobbut a few biscuits an' sich."

"Ah," said the other old woman. "Them's the sort o' ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, but thank 'evin, I've buried 'em all wi' 'am."

AN AWKWARD DODGE

A CERTAIN schoolboy's father said to him one night at dinner:

"Well, son, how are you getting along with your French?"

"Very well, thank you sir," replied the boy.

The father beamed with pleasure.

"Ask politely in French for some peas," he said.

There was an awkward pause. Then—

"But, father," said the boy, "I don't want any peas."

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

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A GOOD CREED.

HENRY Ward Beecher over sixty years ago established a Farmer Creed that was as follows:

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore, to be liberally fed.

We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it—making the farmer and the farm both glad at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better with a sub-soil plow.

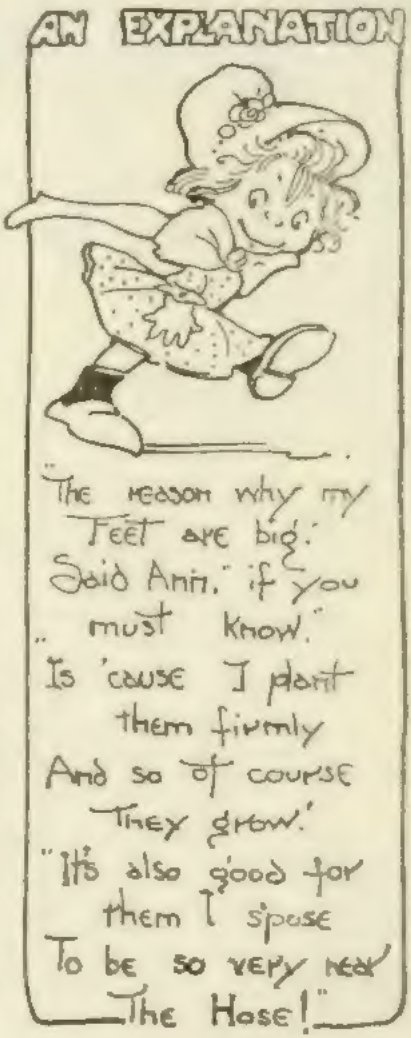
We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence. Without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm houses, good stock, good orchards and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning wheel, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy and a clean conscience.

We firmly *disbelieve* in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poorer every year; in starving cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whiskey until honest people are ashamed of them.


AN EXPLANATION
"The reason why my Feet are big," Said Ann, "if you must know, Is 'cause I plant them firmly And so of course They grow."
"It's also good for them I 'spose To be so very near The Hose!"

AND SHE GOT IT BACK.

IT was in a backwoods town, where lucifer matches were a novelty. Aunt Lyddy Barlow had doubtfully invested in a box, persuaded thereto by the storekeeper's easy grace in scratching them where they are usually scratched.

Two days later she rode back to the crossroads with the matches.

"No. Don't want 'em. Wouldn't hev 'em as a gift. You gimme back my good money, Bill Barker."

"But what's the matter, Aunt Lyddy?" asked the storekeeper, taking out a match and raking it across his jeans successfully. "Don't they light all right?"

Aunt Lyddy looked down from her high saddle with triple-extract scorn.

"An' you think, Bill Barker, thet I'm goin' ter ride twelve miles into town, before I get Jim's breakfast, to scratch them matches on the seat of your pants? Well, thank the Lord, I ain't such a fool as I look."